

The Sign



A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

A Layman's Assumptions

AN EDITORIAL

Dominic Barberi, C. P.

By RICHARD A. ROBERTS

The Bridal of the Sea

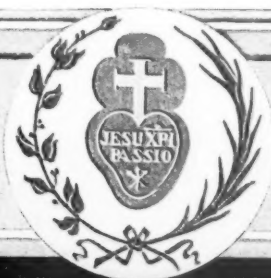
By P. J. O'CONNOR DUFFY

The Passionists in China

Vol. 7, No. 2

September, 1927

Price 20 Cents



The Life of Gemma Galgani

(Born 1878. Died 1903)

A touching story, beautifully written, of a child of the Sacred Passion.

By Rev. Philip Coghlan, C. P.

Price, postpaid, 60 cents

Address: THE SIGN

Union City New Jersey

MOUNT DE SALES

Academy of the Visitation
Catonsville, Md.

Music, Languages, College Preparatory and elective. Catalogue on request.

Affiliated to the Catholic University of America.

GEORGETOWN University Hospital

SCHOOL OF NURSING

Accredited three years course—Without charge for board and tuition and with monthly allowance for incidental expenses—Under the direction of Sisters of St. Francis and University Professors. Spiritual direction under the Jesuit Fathers.

Apply to:

SR. M. RODRIGUEZ, O. S. F.

Nurses' Home

36th & N. Streets N. W.
Washington, D. C.

College of Saint Elizabeth

MORRISTOWN,
NEW JERSEY

(P. O. Address, Convent Station)

A Catholic college for women, registered by the New York State University and the New Jersey and Pennsylvania State Boards of Education. Bachelor degree in arts, letters, science and music.

PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT
SAINT ELIZABETH ACADEMY

An Ideal Gift Book

The Life of Christ

In Text and Pictures

This book will be sent to you with the understanding that at the end of five days you may return it. But you'll be so pleased with it that you won't return it.

Price only \$1.50

Order now from

THE SIGN

Union City New Jersey

The Calvert Series

EDITED BY HILAIRE BELLOC

"A series of short, clear books upon apologetics is needed at the stage of the great controversy in which the world is engaged; not little tracts, of which we have, on the Catholic side, a very large number—most of them excellent and enjoying an immense circulation—but books.

"There is something about a series of books which adds greatly to the value of its component units. Men take each work in it the more seriously because it is supported by its fellows in the regiment."—*Hilaire Belloc.*

The Catholic Church and History
By HILAIRE BELLOC.

The Catholic Church and the Appeal to Reason
By LEO WARD.

The Catholic Church and Its Reactions With
Science
By BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE, M.D., Ph.D., F.R.S.

The Catholic Church and Philosophy
By VINCENT McNABB, O.P.

The Catholic Church and Conversion
By GILBERT K. CHESTERTON.

Price \$1.00 each volume
ORDER THROUGH THE SIGN

Missionary Sisters, SERVANTS OF THE HOLY GHOST

Young women who feel called to the missionary life are welcome at the Holy Ghost Convent, Techny, Ill., where they are trained for a missionary career either in the foreign or the home missions.

Young girls from the age of fourteen can obtain admittance.

For further information write to:
Sister Provincial, HOLY GHOST CONVENT
TECHNY, ILL.

From Manuscript to Finished Book

Our specialty is the making of books for private circulation.

An extensive experience fits us to do exceptionally fine work in the production of Prayer-Books, Books of Rule, Directories, etc.

Bindings in Cloth and Leather

PAMPHLETS

CATALOGS

YEAR BOOKS

Enquiries from Priests and Religious Communities solicited

The
STELZ BOOKBINDING
COMPANY

Mr. John Cavalero, President
43 EAST 12th STREET
NEW YORK CITY

The Sign

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER

CATHOLIC MEDICAL MISSIONS.....	66
By Father Harold Purcell, C.P.	
CURRENT FACT AND COMMENT.....	67
A Layman's Assumptions—Unmeaning Mouthings—Gin Marriage Law—"Admiral" Heflin—All Cut and Dried—The Lausanne Conference—The Cauliflower Industry—Not for the South Only—What They Don't Know.	
DOMINIC BARBERI, C.P.....	71
By Richard A. Roberts	
THE CONVERTED PUGILIST.....	79
By Stanley B. James	
CATEGORICA	81
Edited by N. M. Law	
THE CHURCH AND RE-UNION.....	84
By Donald Atwater	
TIMOTHY	85
By Jerome Harte Bosman	
THE REASON	86
By St. John Wickingham	
THE SIGN POST.....	87
THE BRIDAL OF THE SEA.....	92
By P. J. O'Connor Duffy	
THE THIRTEENTH STATION.....	95
By Enid Dinnis	
THE DELUGE	96
ARCHCONFRATERNITY COMMENT.....	99
MARRIAGE IN CHRIST.....	101
By Francis Shea, C.P.	
UTTERMOST BEING	102
By Arnel O'Connor	
THE CROWN OF THORNS.....	103
By Dr. Francis Whitaker	
FAITH AND CREED.....	107
By Anthony M. Benedick, D.D.	
THE POETRY OF SYMBOLISM.....	109
By George Bingham	
OUR JUNIOR READERS.....	110
INDEX TO WORTHWHILE BOOKS.....	115
THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA.....	117

THE SIGN is published monthly at Union City, N. J., by the Passionist Fathers. Subscription price: \$2.00 per year, in advance; single copies, 20c; Canada, \$2.25 per year; Foreign, \$2.50 per year.

Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor. They should be typewritten, and accompanied by return postage. Available Mss. will be paid for on acceptance.

Subscriptions, Advertising and Business Matters should be addressed to the Managing Editor. Advertising rates on application.

Requests for Renewals, Discontinuance, or Change of Address should be sent in two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. Both the old and new addresses should always be given.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, September 20, 1921, at the Post Office at Union City, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyrighted, 1927.

ARE YOU

the sort of Catholic who uses his religion only for his own sake and is not concerned about spreading the Faith and promoting the salvation of those outside the Church? Or

WOULD YOU BE

willing to do something that others may come to the knowledge of the Truth? If you are, we offer you this suggestion: We have procured 2,000 copies of a remarkably fine book for non-Catholics. It is called

The CHILDREN OF GOD

It is a summary of Catholic Doctrine for Busy People. The author is Father Mark Moeslein, C.P., who presents the claims of the Church in an interesting and appealing style. The book, numbering 225 pages, sells regularly at retail for 50 cents a copy. For \$1.00 we will send three copies to three individual addresses, postage paid.

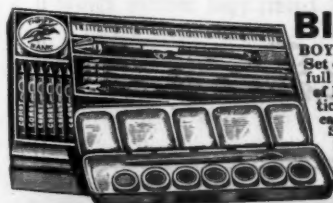
YOU WILL

never know the good that may result from your investment. Just send us your dollar with the three names and addresses; or, if you prefer, we will send the books to three interested non-Catholics on our list, if you will send the dollar to pay for books and postage. Address:

The Passionist Missionaries

THE SIGN

Union City - New Jersey



BIG SCHOOL SET - FREE

BOYS AND GIRLS—See all you get in this Wonderful Set! Set of Paints and brush, Thrift Bank, Set of Color Crayons, full size, Ruler, Compass and Pencil, Pen Holder, Assortment of Pens and Pencils, Ink Eraser, Pencil Sharpener. All articles fit in separate compartments in beautiful Leatherette case, handsomely embossed in gold. Positively the classiest School Set you ever saw. This set is free. **SEND NO MONEY.** Just your name and we will send you 8 fast selling art pictures to dispose of on special 25c offer. Send the \$2.00 you collect, and for your trouble we will send the School Set with all articles as above described. **WRITE TODAY.**

C. M. THOMAS, 337 W. Madison Street

CHICAGO

DO YOU WANT to add to your income in a congenial and highly respectable occupation? Apply to: The Universal Knowledge Foundation, 19 Union Square, West, New York.

Catholic Medical Missions

To the Readers of THE SIGN:

My Dear Friends:

Medical missions are a very important part of missionary activity in pagan lands. Realizing this, there has been instituted the Catholic Medical Mission Board, whose purpose is to obtain the services of Catholic men and women (principally physicians and nurses) to assist in the foreign mission field.

The first medical missionary to be sent out by the Board was Miss Dorothy James. She sailed from New York for Porto Rico on November 11, 1926. Father Murphy, Superior of the Redemptorist Fathers, under whose direction Miss James is working, says that, besides rendering medical assistance to the sick poor, she has succeeded in winning many souls to God.

Some idea of these services may be gained from the fact that during the first five months of her work in Porto Rico Miss James made 1,884 professional calls. She administered 29 baptisms; has brought back many to the sacraments; has prepared others for the last sacraments; has conducted a catechism class each day; and has done extensive catechetical work on Sundays.


There are many splendid Catholic professional men and women who feel no call to the priesthood or the religious life who are desirous of consecrating themselves to some special and definite work for the glory of God and for the spread of His Kingdom. If there be any such among the readers of THE SIGN we trust that Miss James' example will be an inspiration for them. In our own missions in China we could use their services as an important adjunct to the spiritual ministry of our missionary priests and Sisters. We can assure them of whatever material help may be required for carrying on an effective campaign for the spiritual as well as corporal welfare of the poor people of Hunan, China.

In this connection, I request that our Readers can assist our missionaries by furnishing them with medical supplies, instruments, bandages, etc. A good friend of the missions has gathered together a large supply of worn linen which she has made into bandages. This is but a sample of the good use to which worn linen can be put which might otherwise be discarded as useless.

Some of the larger pharmaceutical companies have generously given us donations of drugs and medicaments for our missions, and have told us that they would be glad to allow us a special discount on any of their products which we might care to send to China. The above suggests that I ask for money donations for our medical mission department. Such donations will be most gratefully accepted.

Faithfully yours in Christ,

Father Harold Purcell, C.P.

<p>EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY THE PASSIONIST FATHERS MONASTERY PLACE UNION CITY, N. J.</p> <p>All Money Accruing from the Publication of THE SIGN goes to the Support of the Passionist Missions in China.</p>	 <p>The Sign</p> <p>A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE UNION CITY N.J.</p>	<p>SUBSCRIPTION RATES:</p> <p>One Year - - - \$2.00 Three Years - - - \$5.00 Life - - - - - \$50.00</p> <p>CANADA: 25c Extra FOREIGN: 50c Extra</p> <p>All Checks and Money Orders Should Be Made Payable to THE SIGN. Cash Should Be Sent in Registered Letters.</p>
---	--	---

Volume Seven

September, 1927

Number Two

Current Fact and Comment

A Layman's Assumptions

MR. SUMMERFIELD BALDWIN has published in *The Atlantic Monthly* for August an article carrying the alarming title of "The Crucifixion of the Catholic Mind." Presuming that Mr. Baldwin is himself a Catholic, we extend to him our sincere sympathy on the torture of mind and heart which his "faith" has brought upon him. And, as misery loves company, poor Mr. Baldwin could not resist the impulse to stretch all his fellow-Catholics on the same cruel rack with himself.

Our emotions, however, do not dissuade us from the "blasphemous" task of hounding this unhappy soul at least for the sake of those whose peace of mind his article may have disturbed.

Considered as a chain of bald assertions and groundless assumptions, the article is a masterpiece. We started to count these assumptions, but halted through sheer weariness. For instance:

FIRST ASSUMPTION: The yoke of Christ (that is the Catholic Faith) is sweet and the burden light, but they do not remain so.

SECOND ASSUMPTION: The imitation of Christ brings neither happiness nor consolation.

THIRD ASSUMPTION: Same thing. Christian Religion is hard and there is nothing to offset that hardness.

FOURTH ASSUMPTION: God never returns love.

FIFTH ASSUMPTION: Difficulties in religion

create doubts. (Cardinal Newman's vision was clearer when he said: "Ten thousand difficulties don't make a doubt.")

SIXTH ASSUMPTION: Philosophers possibly spoke better than all the Doctors of the Church.

SEVENTH ASSUMPTION: There is nothing reassuring in the idea of a miracle.

EIGHTH ASSUMPTION: Miracles torture the intellectual peace of Catholics.

NINTH ASSUMPTION: Possibility of conflict between true Science and true Religion.

TENTH ASSUMPTION: The existence of the Church rests upon the rational credibility of the Gospel narratives.

ELEVENTH ASSUMPTION: The things of Time are more substantial than those of Eternity.

TWELFTH ASSUMPTION: The irremovable character of the Sacrament of Matrimony.

THIRTEENTH ASSUMPTION: Man is usually excepted from the order of nature.

And here our weariness overcame us, as it has probably overcome our readers. Such a concatenation of inane superficialities it would be impossible to surpass. And all unblushingly he asks such questions as these: Why are priests allowed to teach economics, history, biology? Why are priests allowed to preach heresy and falsehood from their pulpits? Why are not the bishops obedient to the Pope? Why are parents not allowed to educate their children? And, last of all, the old insulting question: "How can an educated man be a Catholic?" Insulting? Yes. Just as would be the question: "How can an educated man be an

THE † SIGN

American?" If Mr. Baldwin looks closer, he will find the question resolving itself in this fashion: "How can an educated man be anything else than a Catholic?"

The only remedy for Mr. Baldwin's trouble is a deeper study of the catechism. He virtually confesses he doesn't know why he is a Catholic. If God has given him brains, we suggest that he lose no time in using them to find out. Then, being in a position to render reasonable service to God, he may become a right merry Catholic.

Unmeaning Mouthings

IT WOULD be a big task to trace the causes of indifference in religious matters, but even a casual reckoning of the subject could not fail to give much consideration to the quality of spiritual timber that goes into the making of some pulpits. A Methodist minister, speaking of the fliers lost in the Pacific, draws a parallel between the spirit of their adventure and the courage of the Founder of Christianity. It is not necessary to point out the gross—not to say irreverent—absurdity of the statement.

When preachers cease "to play to the gallery" at the expense of sacred and sublime subjects they will see in their congregations many men and women who now stay away because honestly disgusted with unmeaning mouthings. The admiration and sympathy of the nation go out to the lost fliers and to their relatives. Neither admiration nor sympathy requires for adequacy irreligious extravagance. The Rev. John Roach Straton saw straight when he said: "The pulpit at the present time is a resort for the discussion of everything under the sun except the Gospel."

Gin Marriage Law

A BILL has just passed the California Legislature by which all persons desiring to marry must give at least three days' notice of their intentions. The new statute has been called the "Gin Marriage Law," since its author, Assemblyman George Rochester, a young legislator of Los Angeles, pleaded before the Legislature that too many marriages among the State's younger set were the result of sudden fancies and passions inflamed by liquor.

We propose the Gin Marriage Law for the

consideration of other Legislatures, and even for the consideration of certain non-Catholic clergymen who seem to think that all that is necessary for a valid and happy marriage is a license and a fee. The Church's regulation about publicly announcing the banns of matrimony shows her knowledge of human nature and proves her high conception of the holiness of marriage.

"Admiral" Heflin

THE TRUSTEES of the Methodist Church at De Kalb, Ill., are to be congratulated on their refusal to permit U. S. Senator Heflin, of Alabama, to deliver an anti-Catholic tirade in their church.

The Alabama Boob was more successful in getting a hearing in Abbeville, Ala., and vituperated Governor Smith, the daily press of the State and Pope Pius XI. The next day, Representative Lee Edmundson introduced this resolution in the State Legislature:

WHEREAS the United States of America is in grave danger of an attack by the Pope of Rome.

WHEREAS, except for the valor, bravery and foresight of that great and eminent leader and statesman, the Hon. J. Thomas Heflin, senior Senator from Alabama, this country would be defenseless against such an attack.

WHEREAS the Hon. J. Thomas Heflin should be placed in a position where he can defend this country in person against the impending attack of the Pope; now therefore be it

RESOLVED by the House of Representatives, That the President of the United States be requested to appoint the Hon. J. Thomas Heflin an admiral in the Navy and to place him in command of the battleship *West Virginia*, the pride of the Navy, with orders to anchor at New York Harbor.

RESOLVED further, That the new admiral be instructed upon the appearance of the Pope on the water, in the air, under the sea or in fancy within twelve miles of the Statue of Liberty to fire unceasingly for a period of twelve hours with 16-inch shells loaded with the most deadly verbosity at the command of the new admiral.

RESOLVED FURTHER, That a copy of this resolution be forwarded to the President of the United States, the President of the Senate of the United States, the Secretary of the Navy and to our most valiant and courageous protector and statesman, the Hon. J. Thomas Heflin.

We believe that the ridicule of Representative Edmundson will prove more effective in silencing the loud-mouthed Senator than the decent conduct of the Methodist trustees, since the Hon. J. Thomas is evidently immune to any sense of decency.

All Cut and Dried

IT IS NOT the policy of THE SIGN to be mean in its comments on the vagaries of the sects. There is enough religious bitterness and intolerance in the world without our adding to it. However, the interests of truth demand plain speaking, and when good souls are being led astray by the insanities of religious charlatans, silence becomes positively sinful.

Meet Dr. Arno Clemens Gaebelein of Mount Vernon, N. Y. Since 1884, he has been editor of *Our Hope*, a religious magazine. At the sixteenth annual conference for the study of sacred prophecy, held in August, at Stony Brook, N. Y., he stated:

"The second coming of Christ is near. Christ's return will be forecast by a figure sitting on a cloud with something similar to a sickle in his hand. The cloud will flush with a glorious light, then Christ is to come and all the holy angels will come with him.

"One of the first things Christ will do upon his return will be to put Satan literally into the bottomless pit, then do away with all sickness, all airplanes and all wars. For those Christians who are still alive there will be no death."

What the intellectual calibre of Dr. Gaebelein and his co-religionists is, we do not presume to say. They probably are not open to argument and discussion. Our most potent means of approach to them will be through sincere prayer that they may get the grace to see straight.

The Lausanne Conference

THE WORLD Conference on Faith and Order opened in the eleventh century (once Roman Catholic) cathedral of Lausanne. Fully 500 representatives of 90 sects scattered throughout 49 nations were in attendance. They met to discuss an approach to a united Christian Church. The Roman Catholic Church was not represented. She is the united Christian Church.

Three views of what the united Christian Church should be were presented. The Eastern Orthodox view was that the Church had been established and unchangeably fixed by the Seven Ecumenical Councils during the first eight centuries. Against this was the view of the Evangelical Churches that the Church is a living and growing organization, composed of living persons, and changing with the times. Be-

tween these two views was the Anglican (Episcopalian in this country) with its ever ready compromising complex that the Church is both an established institution and a living organization. These three viewpoints were prominent throughout all the discussions of the Conference. Before the final reports of the Conference were ready the Most Rev. Germonas Troianos Metropolitan of Sardis, very gravely announced that he and his fellow representatives of the Eastern Orthodox Church could not accept any proposed plan of unity. His complaint was that any such plan would necessarily have to be built upon compromises. He contended that the unity attained would be only "an external agreement, in letter alone."

What concrete results were accomplished by the Conference it would be difficult to say. The delegates, especially the non-Catholics of America and England, may delude themselves into believing that they are actually succeeding in bringing about the re-union of Christendom. But they should be wise enough to know from their reading of history that the Roman Catholic Church alone is the divinely constituted center of Christian unity; that, in the matter of religious truth, she knows neither denial nor compromise; that, in the words of the late Harry Thurston Peck, "She stands unshaken on the rock of her conviction and speaks to the wavering hearts of men in the strong accents of divine authority."

The Protestant sects cannot attain unity among themselves, much less can they be united with the rest of Christendom; for Protestantism was founded on discord and disruption, and by its very nature it can have only as much unity as there is in a boiler explosion.

The Cauliflower Industry

TOWARDS the end of July, Mr. Simp and his relatives spent a million dollars to see the Dempsey-Sharkey fight in New York; and this month people of the same calibre are expected to spend at least a million and a half to see the Tunney-Dempsey fight in Chicago.

These million-dollar hoaxes are being sold to a gullible public through acres of free advertising in the press and in the name of sport. But prizefighting has ceased to be a sport and has become a business—and not a very clean or honest business at that. It ceased to be a sport when the sporting feature went out; when the

THE † SIGN

business became legal and respectable; and when the box office became the chief department of the business. There is, therefore, more truth than poetry in this "Cauliflower Mother Goose," contributed by S. C. S. to *The Sun* (New York):

Blah, Blah, fight fan, have you any dough?
Yes, sir; yes, sir, swiftly does it go;
Some for the champeen, some for the "ex,"
And lots for the fellow whose first name is "Tex."

On the authority of W. O. McGeehan—no mean authority in the sport world—we learn: "The account of the Dempsey-Sharkey fight sold more papers than the trans-Atlantic flights, I am told by the circulation department. Of course, this reveals an insane sense of values on the part of the public, but there it is. There is more hysteria and maudlin sentiment regarding prize-fights than any other public event of like character. I do not believe newspapers force this interest, because it has been demonstrated that the public does not respond to fights it does not want."

Not for the South Only

JULIAN HARRIS, editor of the *Columbus* (Ga.) *Enquirer-Sun*, has rendered gallant service to the cause of truth and decency in the South. Addressing the North Carolina Press Association, at Moorehead City, he asked the following questions:

Are each of you honestly and without reservations of any kind, printing all the facts relating to every form of injustice which is calculated to destroy the happiness, limit the comforts, narrow the rights or threaten the life or liberty of the people of your state?

Or do you put industrial progress and financial prosperity above human advancement and human happiness?

Are you working for the welfare of the people of your town, whether against social prejudice, religious intolerance or organized lawlessness?

Or do you use your columns to clamor for a bigger town instead of a far better one, and for a wealthier community rather than one where the less prosperous may have full opportunity to improve their condition?

Mr. Harris, quoting Walter Hines Page that a "South illiterate, unhealthy, poverty-stricken was a peril to the nation," said: "To that statement I would add that it is equally true that a South illiterate and intolerant, but wealthy, is a national menace." Declaring that the South today is neither poor nor unhealthy, he added, "yet illiteracy thrives, and prejudice and intolerance, often masked and hooded, usurps the law

and administers justice with lash."

Concluding, Mr. Harris said he wished to lay stress on "something that is more precious than all the wealth of plutocracy, and yet which many editors seem to look on lightly, or whose significance they fail to understand. This significant possession is the right of the press to express its opinion untrammelled, and the right of the people to worship in their own way under the protection of the Constitution."

What They Don't Know

OUR POPULAR exponents of religion usually begin by rejecting what they call "Orthodox Christianity." They never, of course, explain just what they mean by Orthodox Christianity, but usually pick up a few fragments of doctrine taught by some small sect and label these as the accepted teaching of Christianity. Here are two samples:

Mr. Arnold Bennett writes: "I absolutely dismiss the extraordinary and too convenient notion that a man may safely do as he chooses, provided he does it in a certain faith." Mr. Henry Arthur Jones asks: "What moral impulse and quickening, what spiritual illumination and ardor, what assurance and consolation in this dim world, can I obtain by repeating statements of fact which merely puzzle and baffle me?"

They make these statements as though what they question and condemn were the accepted teachings of Christianity. One would naturally expect men of intelligence and culture to have made some effort to find out the doctrines of the largest body of Christians throughout the world before they would put up and knock down as the teachings of Orthodox Christianity the fragments of their own imagination or the peculiar errors of obscure sects. If they had done so they would have found that real Christianity does not proclaim any of those grotesque doctrines and that it is a perfectly reasonable and consistent body of doctrine concerning God and our relations with God.

No man can say that he knows Orthodox Christianity until he makes an intelligent study of the Catholic Church. Every man owes it to his own intelligence to find out just what the Catholic Church teaches. And the man who discusses Christianity without knowing the teachings of the Catholic Church is simply parading his own ignorance.

Dominic Barberi, C. P.

The Passionist Apostle of England's Second Spring

RESULTS count. Even to the most utilitarian minded, then, the life story of Dominic Barberi will appeal. His achievements, of themselves, are remarkable; in consequences, gigantic; but to appreciate the perspective of his life work, it is necessary that we direct our gaze, from England, the land of his triumph, across the North Sea to Ere, thence to Rome and beyond, to an obscure Italian village—Palanzana, among the Appennines. Probably no estimate is preferable to Cardinal Newman's paragraph in *Loss and Gain*:

On the Appennines, near Viterbo, there dwelt a shepherd boy in the first years of this century, whose mind had early been drawn heavenward; and, one day, as he prayed before an image of the Madonna, he felt a vivid intimation that he was destined to preach the Gospel under the northern sky. There appeared no means by which a Roman peasant should be turned into a missionary; nor did the prospect open, when this youth found himself, first a lay-brother, then a Father, in the Congregation of the Passion. Yet, though no external means appeared, the inward impression did not fade; on the contrary, it became more definite, and in process of time, instead of the dim North, England was engraven on his heart. And, strange to say, as years went on, without his seeking, for he was simply under obedience, our peasant found himself at length upon the very shore of the stormy northern sea, whence Caesar of old looked out for a new world to conquer; yet that he should cross the strait was still as little likely as before. However, it was as likely as that he should ever have got so near it; and he used to eye the restless, godless waves, and wonder within himself whether the day would ever come when he should be carried over them. And come it did, not, however, by any determination of his own, but by the same Divine Providence which thirty years before had given him the anticipation of it.

Dominic Barberi, youngest of eight children, was born at Palanzana, Italy, June 22, 1792. Three years later his father died; and his mother was called home by God in 1800. Dominic spent the next fourteen years with his uncle, Bartholomew Pacelli, at Merlano, nearby. Though the lad had a yearning for knowledge, but few opportunities were given him. His uncle, who intended him as heir, considered booklore as uncalled for in a young farmer; the bulk of his time, consequently, was allotted to toil.

Four years later he came into contact with the Passionists. At this time (1810) the Papal States had become Napoleon's victim, and the

By RICHARD A. ROBERTS

religious Orders were dispersed.

The Passionist community at Vetralla found refuge in a house close to that of Dominic's uncle. Fr. Joseph, later a bishop in Bulgaria, became the boy's confessor and, under his direction, Dominic soon learned to progress in the practice of prayer. To his inexpressible delight, the Fathers had brought their library with them, and into this mine he delved with pleasure and profit.

Signor Pacelli was insistent that his nephew marry. It was now a protracted struggle—on the one side, the importunities of the uncle and the attractiveness of his prospective bride; on the other hand, however, he had some time before made a vow to become a Passionist. To add to his plight, Napoleon's edict of prescription loomed up. Dominic's name appeared on the preliminary list; he revolted at the thought of serving under a persecutor of the Church. When the decisive day came, he drew a high number and was exempted. Although he had evaded service under the master of Europe, his will was magnetized by two forces—God and a creature. Despite the pleadings of his brother Salvatore (later a Passionist lay-brother), he consented to the marriage; but on the very day set for the wedding, he was taken deathly sick, and received the last sacraments. The crisis passed and he recovered. He finally yielded to God's invitation, bade farewell to his fiancée, and prepared to dedicate himself to the service of God.

IT WAS three years, however, before he could actually enter upon his new life. In 1813 the Passionists returned to their monastery. Dominic soon followed them and applied for admission. He was already known to them as a young man of great piety, but uncultured. Though accepted as a postulant lay-brother, he was content. He went about his humble duties in the house and in the fields, serenely happy that his life was now a consecrated one. His thoughts are best expressed in his own words:

Born as I was and brought up among poor country people, destitute of learning and the means of acquiring it, and, besides, full of sins and miseries, I could never imagine that God designed me to do anything for His glory. My whole desire at the time was that God would deign to furnish his Church with good pastors, and that He would defend her against the attack of enemies who were

THE † SIGN

then about to suppress her, especially in 1813. Towards the end of that year, on some evening of the Christmas festival, at about seven o'clock, I was on my knees before God in my poor little room, praying and beseeching Him to provide for the necessities of His Church, when I heard an interior voice (which only those who hear can understand) in set words, which did not leave a shadow of doubt as to its being from God. The voice told me that I was destined to announce the Gospel verities, and bring back stray sheep to the way of salvation. It did not specify to me how, or when, or where or to whom—whether infidels, heretics or bad Catholics—but left a hazy notion in my mind that the mission in store for me in future would not be among Catholics only. I was astounded at such an announcement, and could not for the life of me imagine how it could be verified. However, as I felt that I could not doubt that the communication came from God, I could not doubt for an instant that it would be fulfilled.

The following year he received another interior communication. He writes:

About the end of September, or beginning of October, 1814, on a certain day, . . . whilst I was on

my knees, the thought occurred to me—how was the prophecy of last year to be fulfilled? Was I to go as a lay-brother to preach, and to whom was I to go? China and America came into my head. Whilst I was thus racking my brains, I understood (not by an internal locution as before, but by another mode of interior communication which I cannot explain) that I was not to remain a lay-brother, but was to study, and that, after six years, I should begin my apostolic ministry, and that I was not to labor either in China or America, but in the north-west of Europe, and especially in England. The time was not explained to me, and neither was the manner in which I was to be sent there. I was so convinced of this being a divine communication, that I would sooner have doubted by own existence than its truth. I was soon after sent off to Paliano, to be received as a lay-novice, and yet I felt that I would, notwithstanding, become a cleric and a priest.

His persuasion was verified. Through a casual inquiry of his novice-master, Dominic's intellectual ability was brought to light. His superiors clothed him in the religious habit as a cleric. Slowly but surely, the predictions of Heaven were being fulfilled! Dominic of the Mother of God, as he was now known, lived his year of novitiate in his characteristic spirit. On November 15, 1815, Dominic pronounced his perpetual vows. Three fruitful years he spent at Rome, devoted to philosophy and theology. On March 1, 1818, he was ordained a priest. At this time he was twenty-six years of age. Another three years of study at Rome lay before him. At the completion of this course, he was appointed professor of philosophy for a class of students at Vetralla, and to this office was added the important charge of Director. During his first three years as professor, he composed about ten treatises—some of them volumes. Fr. Dominic enlisted the prayers of his students for the mission that was foremost in his mind and heart, and recommended England's conver-



THE VENERABLE FATHER DOMINIC BARBERI, C. P.

THE † SIGN

sion to his friends also. More than this he could not do for the present, and his apostolate in England seemed dream-like in its remoteness. Knowing that his life-work lay elsewhere, he cannot have but chafed at times under his unpromising prospects, but he awaited humbly the next manifestation of the Divine pleasure.

THE NEXT several years were spent in the teaching of philosophy and theology. It was during these years that the obscure Passionist was to cross swords with De Lamennais, that "excessive man" of the last century who, at the beginning of his career, was hailed as a Doctor of the Church. Only two voices opposed the tens of thousands that acclaimed the young French priest and apologist: namely, a Protestant clergyman, Dr. Newman, and Fr. Dominic. They detected in his writings errors in principle that were radically pernicious to orthodoxy. By their convictions they stood, and the truth prevailed. De Lamennais was eventually condemned by Christ's Vicar. In later years, Fr. Dominic was again to shock a multitude of hero worshippers by his attack upon Rosmini. In both instances, he was rebuked for his audacity, but the outcome of events was his best redress.

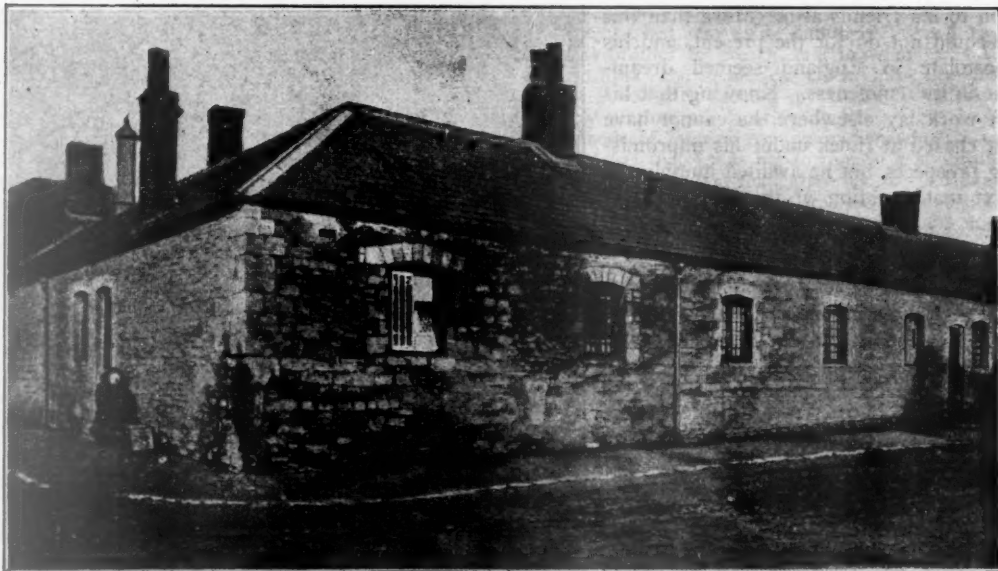
During 1830, the first link was forged between Dominic and his England. At this time he became acquainted with a number of distinguished English converts. He tutored Sir Henry Trelawney—a convert and a priest-to-be—in the ceremonies of the Mass; through Sir Henry's daughter, he met the Rev. George Spencer, son of Earl Spencer, then studying in Rome for the priesthood and later to become a Passionist. Mr. Spencer introduced his Passionist friend to Ambrose De Lisle Phillipps. A lasting friendship was formed between these English converts and the Passionist. Based on discussion with his convert friends and with non-Catholics, Fr. Dominic's two books against the theses of Protestantism were timely, thorough and masterful. Just when events were shaping so promisingly, obedience called Fr. Dominic from Rome, to assume the superiorship of a new foundation at Lucca. Upon him devolved shortly after the added office, with wider responsibilities, of Provincial Consultor.



JOHN HENRY CARDINAL NEWMAN. RECEIVED INTO THE CHURCH BY FR. DOMINIC

THUS FAR, Fr. Dominic had plodded along the weary way to England in prayer and comparative silence. But now his position as a Provincial Consultor gave him voice and ballot in the General Assembly of the entire Order. In the chapter of 1833, he pleaded his cause strenuously; the sum total of his efforts amounted to this: that the project became more than a private ambition; though now a chapter question, it was still unsettled—postponed to the next General Chapter, to be held 1839. In May, 1833, Fr. Dominic was elected to the office of Provincial. This honorable burden portended to leave him less free for the prosecution of his campaign for England. His once robust constitution was being gradually worn down; but despite the fact that he was now handicapped by hernia, heart trouble and rheumatism, he continued his manifold works of charity among his own brethren.

THE † SIGN



LITTLEMORE, NEAR OXFORD, WHERE NEWMAN MADE HIS SUBMISSION TO THE CHURCH

ren, and among the faithful at large. Nothing short of a volume could describe adequately the many marks of Heaven's approval that stamped his career—ecstasy, prophecy, reading of hearts, bilocation and miraculous escapes from death. Mere reference must suffice here.

THE YEAR 1837 furnishes data for one of the grandest chapters in Fr. Dominic's career. Italy was the victim of cholera. About the worst plague center in the country was Ceperano, where Dominic happened to be. Night and day, he attended the sick and dying, in their wretched sheds outside the town. When he left them, his memory was enshrined in thousands of grateful hearts; physical cures were attributed to him, but—most important of all—he salvaged hundreds of derelict souls at the hour of death.

By this time, the revival of Catholicism in England was startling the world. Speaking of 1833, Mozley said: "The Church of England was folding its robes, to die with what dignity it could." In 1835, Dr. Wiseman had reached England from Rome; London gathered together to hear him, and converts multiplied. During that year, too, a Trappist monastery was founded at Grace-Dieu, by Lord Shrewsbury and Ambrose De Lisle Phillipps. The latter was in constant communication with Fr. Dominic, and assured him of material help for a Passionist foundation. Before speaking of Fr. Spencer's

Crusade of Prayer for England, it will be to the point to tell briefly the part taken in England's conversion by the Founder of the Passionists, St. Paul of the Cross; thus, the marvelous working of Divine Providence will be evidenced the more clearly, and Fr. Dominic will be the better recognized as the "man of prophecy."

It was St. Paul of the Cross who was inspired to pray for the reclaiming of "Mary's Dowry." This spirit of intercession for the return of England to the Faith, St. Paul transmitted to his children the world over. To this day, the intention is prayed for daily, in every Passionist monastery. Toward the end of his life, the Saint was heard to exclaim: "Ah, England, England—let us pray for England! I cannot help praying for it myself; for whenever I begin to pray, this unhappy kingdom presents itself to my mind; and it is now fifty years since I began to pray for the conversion of England to the Faith of her Fathers . . ." During the communion of his last Mass, he was rewarded with a vision of the future; at the end of Mass he exclaimed: "Ah, what have I seen! My children in England—my children in England!" Now, at the dawn of the Second Spring of Catholicism in England, we find a son of St. Paul of the Cross—Fr. Dominic—slowly but surely realizing the vision of his Founder; and a kindred spirit, Fr. Spencer, travelling on the Continent, succeeded in enlisting thousands from every

THE † SIGN

country in Europe—individuals, religious communities, priests, bishops and archbishops. Spencer's master stroke, however, was his appeal to Ireland. Considering the oppression that the Irish had suffered from the English, Fr. Spencer declared that, though the prayers of others for England would be a charity, Irish prayers would be heroic charity. And he was graciously received and his work heartily supported.

The arid soil of Britain was being gradually moistened by the gentle showers of God's grace; her heroes had not been martyred in vain. Catholicism was being transplanted from Ireland by colonies of the starving who flocked across the sea. In 1829, the Catholic Emancipation Act was proclaimed. About four years later the celebrated Oxford Movement commenced—a current of thought that resulted in a rebirth of the Faith among thousands of Protestants, especially in England and America. Of course, Anglicanism suffered; the so-called Reformation was proving itself a failure. Consequent upon this radical dissatisfaction and unrest were intelligent and sincere inquiries into the doctrines of Rome. In some quarters free-thought and infidelity set in; and it was to preserve Anglicanism that a group of thinkers at Oxford banded together, with Newman at their head. Though

largely Catholic, they were not, "Roman." Many of them became more and more "Roman," so that a division ensued, some clinging to the Establishment, Newman and his friends departing to Littlemore, where they lived in retirement, prayer and study.

IN THE General Chapter of 1839, the proposal of a foundation in England was again presented and agreed upon. One last trial awaited Fr. Dominic. He was chosen Provincial for another term of three years; to him three years of delay! Moreover, it was decided to make a foundation first in Belgium, as a base from which to support any future English mission. Nor did the name of Fr. Dominic appear on the list of those chosen. Back in his own Province, Fr. Dominic remarked: "Without me they will not set out." And in Rome, the ex-General was on his knees before the new General, imploring to be relieved of his appointment as superior of the Belgian-English mission. The General, Fr. Anthony of St. James, at length gave in, and that night dispatched a letter of appointment to Fr. Dominic. Though Dominic's heart throbbed with youthful enthusiasm, his body was frail and broken by forty-eight years of superhuman toil. But he immediately set out



for Rome. Twelve hundred years before, Augustine, the first apostle of England, had knelt at the feet of Gregory the Great, and now before Gregory the Sixteenth there knelt the Apostle of England's Second Spring—Dominic Barberi.

AFTER AN adventurous journey, he and his three companions arrived in Belgium and reported to the Bishop of Tournai, and to their benefactress, the Baroness de Crœser, who presented them with their first home, the Chateau d'Ere. It was now 1840. The newcomers had four walls around them and a roof above, but the house was devoid of furniture, and the larder severely empty. Toward the end of this year, Fr. Dominic ventured to set foot in England, to reconnoiter. His first impressions were more than enough to dishearten one less sturdy than he. It was the night of November 5 when he arrived—Guy Fawkes' Day! During his stay he visited Fr. Spencer and Bishop Wiseman. They received him cordially, but were unable to offer him a base from which to operate. December saw the disappointed apostle back in Belgium. There he found consolation in progress; the works of the ministry continued to multiply and aspirants to the brotherhood and priesthood presented themselves.

During 1841 there appeared in a leading French journal, *L'Univers*, an open letter by either Ward or Dalgairns, anent the Anglican position. It came to Fr. Dominic's notice and evoked a reply that is still remembered among churchmen. Profundity of theological wisdom and a thorough grasp of Protestant claims are embodied in the reply he sent to Oxford. It is quite lengthy, and written in elegant Latin. Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B., says of it: "A magnificent appeal to follow the divine call to the Catholic Church, and it answers the difficulties and objections raised by Anglicans in a most masterly way." Newman's comment upon the writer was: "A very sharp, clever man."

Meanwhile, friends in England had entered a subscription list for funds in *The Catholic Magazine*. The sons of St. Paul were doing much for the Kingdom of God in Belgium; their praises echoed across the Channel, and now Fr. Dominic and his companions were sought by Bishop Gillis of Scotland as well as by Bishops Walsh and Wiseman of England. But final arrangements were made with the English prelates, at Brussels, in August, 1841. According to instructions from his General, Fr. Dominic set out for England, taking with him a priest companion.

Again the cross of waiting pressed upon the eager missionary; four months of delay at St. Mary's College, Oscott, were ahead of him before he could take possession of Aston Hall, his first foundation. Indeed, the cross of delay was for Dominic lifelong, and especially wearing to one of his enthusiasms. Moreover, there was an attitude of listlessness among so many with whom he dealt during those first months that it well nigh chilled him. The yoke of Protestant oppression had broken their spirit; as a Catholic writer then put it: "Very few Catholics had yet learned how to walk on emancipated legs." Many had the notion that if they could just about "carry on," it was all that was to be expected. Fr. Dominic employed those four months in theology and studying English.

When at last he took possession of the parish at Aston, there was uphill work aplenty. The first Sunday morning, many in the congregation snickered and giggled at the Italian's appearance and accent; but his very holiness wore down all opposition and enshrined him even in the hearts of his enemies. Soon Frs. Dominic and Amadeus were joined by two novice lay-brothers. Establishment at Aston Hall was an affair of no trouble, compared with the next attempt—a mission post at Stone, three miles away. Mass had not been offered there since the Reformation, and the advent of this queer foreigner resulted in organized hostility. Insults and threats were showered upon him, even by the children. Yet he had a courteous greeting for all. Such sturdiness and superhuman charity aroused the Catholics among the townspeople from the slough of indifference; one among these gave land for a church and house; a subscription list was opened, and successfully; in 1844 the church was finished and a school opened with fourteen pupils. By the early part of 1843, converts to the Faith numbered fifty-five. At Aston Hall, the full monastic observance was in progress, with its hours of prayer, study and labor; the community now numbered fifteen.

GRADUALLY, Fr. Dominic introduced the wearing of the religious garb in public; he was the first to conduct missions and retreats as a regular feature of Catholic life. More recruits flocked in, both from Italy and from among the natives of Britain. On the feast of Corpus Christi, 1845, the first time since the Reformation, Christ the King was carried in solemn procession, outdoors, amidst thousands of people, all of whom maintained a respectful silence.

A religious crisis was forming among the

THE † SIGN

savants of Oxford University. In February, 1845, William George Ward published his book, *Ideal of a Christian Church*, in which he held up to Anglicanism as an exemplar, the Church of Rome. Riot reigned; Ward was deprived of his degree. It was "the closing scene of the Oxford Movement." During the summer of that year the numerous conversions commenced that marked the "Going-out of '45."

ON SEPTEMBER 20, Dalgairns, the first of the Littlemore group to deal with Fr. Dominic, wrote to Aston Hall to arrange a few days' stay there, when he intended to be received into the Church. Several more of Newman's group followed Dalgairns. Newman wrote to a friend on October 7: "Father Dominic the Passionist is passing this way . . . to Belgium, where a Chapter of his Order is to be held at this time. He is to come to Littlemore as the guest of one of us whom he has admitted at Aston. He does not know of my intentions, but I shall ask of him admission into the one true Fold of the Redeemer. Fr. Dominic has had his thoughts turned towards England from a youth, in a distinct and remarkable way. For thirty years he has expected to be sent to England, and about three years since was sent, without any act of his own, by his Superior . . . On Thursday or Friday, if it be God's will, I shall be received." October 8 was a gray day and rainy. What took place that night is summed up in Newman's diary entry: "Admitted into the Catholic Church with Bowles and Stanton." Fr. Dominic's comment is as follows: "In the evening of the same day, these three made their profession of faith in the usual form, in their private oratory, one after another, with such fervor and piety that I was almost out of myself for joy. I afterwards gave them all canonical absolution, and administered to them the sacrament of Baptism, conditionally. On the following morning I said Mass in their Oratory and gave Communion to Messrs. Newman, St. John, Bowles, Stanton and Dalgairns. After Mass, Dalgairns took me to the house of Woodmason, Esq., a gentleman of Littlemore; I heard his confession and that of his wife and two daughters, and received all into the Church."

Thus John Henry Newman—intellectual and spiritual giant—went to Rome. Writing of Newman's conversion to Catholicism, Beaconsfield describes it as "a blow under which the Church of England still reels." Fr. Dominic wrote to a friend: "What a spectacle it was for me to see Newman at my feet! All that I have suf-

fered since I left Italy has been compensated by this event, and I hope the effects of such a conversion will be great." Dome Bede Camm comments: "If a conversion is chiefly and necessarily the work of God's grace in answer to the intercession of Catholics, shall we be wrong if we attribute to Fr. Dominic a far greater share in this unique conversion than appears or can appear on the surface?" We will close this episode with W. S. Lilly's tribute to Newman: "Cardinal Newman was something better than a great historian, a great philosopher, a great theologian. He was a great spirit. No such profound and keen intellect has been known among Catholics since the days of Pascal; no such master of language since the days of Bossuet. His rare moral and spiritual excellence command a veneration transcending the homage due even to his superb intellectual gifts. In him we recognize one of those elect souls radiant with ardor divine, who as beacons of hope illuminate, from time to time, the path of troublous and distressed mortality."

God's choice of Fr. Dominic, as His instrument in the reconciliation of so great a soul as Newman, came as part fulfillment of the prophetic vision of St. Paul of the Cross, and as part reward of Dominic's own heroic service.

An important feature in the development of Catholicity in England was the engrafting of great numbers of the Irish who were driven from their own country by famine. In 1845, the potato crop failed; in 1846, it failed again and more heavily; hence, the wholesale emigration at that time, to England and America. Aston and Stone overflowed with half-clad, starving Irish; outhouses were converted into shelters for the stricken. Headed by Fr. Dominic, the Fathers toiled night and day among the newcomers, alleviating their wants of soul, and, as far as possible, their bodily needs. Several of the priests fell victims to the plague; among these, Fr. Spencer, now a Passionist novice and known as Fr. Ignatius. He all but died, a martyr of charity; given but an hour to live, he pronounced his vows on his deathbed, and soon after began to recover.

IN MAY, 1848, Fr. Dominic and a lay-brother took possession of a temporary abode in London. Next was a foundation at Sutton, Lancashire. But on the day of the laying of the cornerstone of St. Anne's, Sutton, the Mass of Requiem was being sung for the departed soul of Dominic Barberi. Save for occasional severe headaches, his health had been better than ever before, yet

THE † SIGN

he had a distinct intimation of imminent death. During this last year, 1849, he made his annual visitation of houses in England and Belgium. His farewells to his brother apostles were never to be forgotten. Sunday, August 26, he was back in London. The next morning he was to set out for Woodchester, to be present at the formal opening of a new church of the Order; Fr. Lewis begged to go along, but not till the next morning did his superior consent. Before eight o'clock, the two priests were on the road.

After nine, they passed Reading, and Fr. Dominic was taken suddenly with racking pains in the head, which soon passed to the heart. Just then the train came to a stop at Pangbourne. A physician helped Fr. Lewis carry his companion from the train; he diagnosed Fr. Dominic's case as acute heart trouble. First, the patient was taken to the house of some friendly Protestants, and laid upon straw, on the ground. The doctor hastened about the town in search of better accommodations, but in vain, for no one would offer this dying man a bed—he had come from London, where cholera raged. The priest, who had so often braved so much in times of pestilence for the sake of his fellow man, was left to writhe out his death agony upon the ground. At last it was decided to take the return train to Reading, in the hope of getting proper accommodations. As the train raced into the station, Fr. Dominic made his last confession. He was taken to an inn and put to bed by the still faithful doctor. In the course of his suffering, Fr. Dominic exclaimed: "My Jesus, now—now—do I know by experience, something of what you must have suffered upon the Cross." Suddenly the last pains of a five-hour agony came upon him; Fr. Lewis called to him, but there was no answer; he imparted the final absolution; the sufferer's head fell back; Dominic of the Mother of God was dead.

THE PRECIOUS remains were brought to Stone the following day, and laid in the church built by Fr. Dominic six years before. The burial was made at Aston Hall. The final and present resting place of that holy body is St. Anne's Retreat, Sutton; the remains were incorrupt for thirty-seven years. The tens of thousands who this day flock to Fr. Dominic's tomb to pray for England, read there this epitaph:

HERE LIES THE BODY OF THE SERVANT OF
GOD, FR. DOMINIC OF THE MOTHER OF
GOD, PASSIONIST, WHO, BORN NEAR
VITERBO, ITALY, ON 22ND JUNE,
1792, DIED AT READING 27TH AU-
GUST, 1849, WORN OUT WITH LABOR AND TOIL
UNDERGONE FOR THE CONVERSION OF ENGLAND

THE IMPRESSIONS we have felt of Fr. Dominic's holiness would, were there need, be ratified by an army of life-time witnesses. So much could be said of his detachment from the goods of this earthly sojourn, of his childlike obedience, of his spirit of constant prayer, of his zeal for souls; but briefly, his paramount striving in all that he thought and said and did, was to make of himself a faithful copy of his Divine Master. The cause of his canonization has been introduced and he has been declared Venerable by the Church; the miracles attested to are numerous. Newman, while at Rome, was interrogated officially in the interests of Fr. Dominic's cause; his reply was as follows: "I thank you for the interest you manifest in a cause which to me is most dear, as the Passionist Fathers well know. Father Dominic was a marvelous missionary and preacher filled with zeal. He had a great part in my own conversion and in that of others. His very look had about it something holy. When his form came within sight, I was moved to the depths in the strangest way. The gaiety and affability of his manner in the midst of all his sanctity was in itself a holy sermon. No wonder then that I became his convert and his penitent. He was a great lover of England. His sudden death filled me with grief. I hoped and still hope that Rome will crown him with the aureole of the saints."

Fr. Dominic's work still goes on, extended to Ireland and even distant Australia—its prosperity the fruit of his years of intercession. At heart England is not un-Catholic; Protestantism bears upon it the stigma of the usurper; the principles of the Reformation are un-Christian, un-Catholic, un-English. Today, ecclesiastical leaders are up and doing, ably seconded by layman co-workers. From the story of Fr. Dominic we have learned to appreciate the power and necessity of prayer in England as well as in other countries the world over, the power of restless prayer is at work; in the unearthly stillness of the midnight hours, there echoes through valleys and across moorlands, old in story, the solemn chant of the Liturgy, the official prayer of the Church. Day and night, as the power behind the throne of grace, the monks in their solitary retreats intercede without ceasing for the salvation of the sheep without the Fold, and for the perseverance of those within. But Christ's shepherds are inching their way through difficulties and must finally triumph. If Christ's interests are ours, we will gladly give our support, by enlisting in the Crusade of Prayer for the regaining of Mary's Dowry.

The Converted Pugilist

No. 4 in *The Passing of Puritanism*

DAN JONES, "the Converted Pugilist," had come and gone. For some weeks bills placarding his name had announced to the public that he would conduct Special Gospel Services at the Temperance Hall. The choice of the hall had been decided by the fact that it constituted a sort of religious No-Man's-Land, and this was to be an interdenominational affair in which all were to take part. It was necessary, therefore, to avoid giving an advantage to any one body by holding the revival in its building.

The old theological rivalry between Congregationalists, Baptists, Methodists and the rest was a thing of the past, not so much because theological harmony had been achieved as because the things which once had separated no longer mattered. But if these bodies had ceased to quarrel over predestination and such questions, there was still competition of another kind. The need of being able to bill the greatest attraction was the modern substitute for the sectarian fierceness which had once produced controversial pamphlets. It was essential that, in the organization of these special services, no partiality should be shown which might impair the temporary alliance.

The Converted Pugilist had, as he put it, "fought ten rounds for the Lord" on as many successive nights; a choir, composed of representatives of the various churches taking part, had popularized his hymns and succeeded in adding them to the repertoire of the boys in the street; a certain number had professed conversion under his stirring appeals; he had collected his fee and had now moved on to another town.

It was on the Monday following the conclusion of this effort and while the echoes of the well-staged farewell accorded the revivalist were still fresh that the Ministers' Fraternal was held. The Fraternal met once a month at the home of the members in rotation. On this occasion, the Congregational minister was the host. The company, it was clear, was suffering from the effects of a more than usually acute attack of Mondayishness. The reaction after the excitement of the revival had already set in, and an atmosphere of particularly frank criticism prevailed. One scented disillusionment.

Great hopes of a popular revival which would

By STANLEY B. JAMES

have refilled the churches had prompted the experiment, but, although these had not been entirely falsified, the faces of the gathering betrayed a pessimistic view of the result. Partly this could be attributed to professional prejudice against the itinerant layman who had garnered amid applause the harvest they had so laboriously sowed. Among the younger ministers, the crudeness of the ex-pugilist's theology and the irreverent familiarity with which he had treated certain themes provoked severe comment. Some objected to the element of fear introduced into the addresses and classed Hell with the lost continent of Atlantis as a myth. Abner Luke took exception to the largeness of the fee which had been paid the visitor.

A pale-faced, studious-looking cleric sunk in the depths of an arm-chair turned the conversation in another direction by remarking: "I wish our friend had given some evidence of acquaintance with the researches of William James, Starbuck and others with regard to the phenomena of religious conversion. He treated it as a purely supernatural thing, and totally ignored the scientific aspect."

"Ah, that's where you make the mistake," the grey-bearded doyen of the party rejoined. "Nowadays we preachers understand the psychology of religion too well to be able to produce its effects. We're like a man who has studied the mechanism of walking so that he loses the power of a good swinging gait and walks as though he were demonstrating the action of the muscles of the leg. This man had no such self-consciousness, and that's why he was able to get his effects. His theology may have been crude, but at least it *was* theology and not a smattering of psychology such as we preach. We understand the mechanism of conversion, but that does not help us to get up steam. We are learned engineers who can't fire our engines."

THE REV. ABNER LUKE, the big man on the sofa—no chair was quite capacious enough to accommodate him—was not really interested in the discussion. Every now and again his eyes turned towards the door where the hostess might at any moment appear to announce tea.

"Well, he got up steam, alright," he prosaically

THE † SIGN

ventured. "Did you notice how he perspired?"

An elongated and heavily-spectacled specimen of clerical humanity, speaking in a high falsetto voice, intervened, and successfully buried Luke's vulgarity under a mass of more serious criticism.

"He was fifty years behind the times with regard to the Bible," he said. "One might have imagined that we were still at the stage when a reference to the Book settled everything. It was an empty method. All you needed was a good supply of texts to hurl at your adversary. But it's not enough to quote texts. One must know something of the context, by whom they were written and under what circumstances. In order to elucidate . . ."

THE OLD MAN who had formerly intervened with regard to the revivalist's ignorance of psychology now broke in with some slight show of impatience.

"Nonsense, Doctor!" he remarked. "One of the reasons why he was able to bring folk to a decision—folk that we'd been preaching to for years—was the fact that he had a definite authority to which he could appeal. When he said: 'There it is, in the Lord's own handwriting and it ain't no printer's error,' he made them feel it was so; he carried conviction because he was himself convinced. I know; for I watched the faces. That's where he scored; he knew his own mind. People want things in plain black and white. Our 'ifs' and 'buts' only confuse them. It's the dogmatist that gets the crowd every time."

"Yes, that was the secret of his success," said an eager voice belonging to a young man with a mass of dark hair, which he was constantly throwing back from his forehead. "We've got no authority. Our preaching isn't clean-cut or decisive enough for the man-in-the-street who hasn't got time, mark you, to follow our fine distinctions. We don't believe in an infallible Church, and now we've thrown over the infallible Book, and so all we can do is to fall back on hazy sentiment and the commonplaces of morality. 'Be a good boy,' we say, 'and it'll be alright.' Ever hear the story of President Coolidge when his wife questioned him about the sermon to which he'd been listening? 'What was it about?' she asked. He didn't reply, and she asked again. 'Oh, it was about sin,' he answered at last. 'About sin? What had he to say about it?' 'Well,' drawled the President, 'he was against it.' That kind of preaching isn't any good. It spells the bankruptcy of Protestantism."

His voice trailed off on a note of despair.

For a moment there was silence; each was busy with his own thoughts. Only Abner Luke looked alert; he fancied he had heard footsteps outside, but the hope proved delusive.

It seemed to the host time to sum up the discussion and add his own contribution.

"Our brother who has just spoken," he said, "has hit the nail on the head. It's the lack of some authority acknowledged by us all which is lacking and weakens all our efforts. Our pugilist friend, fortunately for him, knows nothing of the critics and so is able, with perfect honesty, to talk in the language of the past. But there is another aspect of the matter," he added, "which, so far, has not been touched on, though it is clearly connected with this question which we have been discussing." He cleared his throat, and looked around.

"A young man came to me last night, after the service, who had been deeply moved by the revival. I rather fancy that he has been living a somewhat dissolute life, and is anxious to give it up. But he is puzzled by the absence of any clear and definite teaching or of any institution uniting the whole Christian world in the practice of its religion. 'You see,' he said to me, 'during this week you have all been acting together, but now the revival's over you'll all go your different ways. Well, I don't want to join a sect—I shouldn't know which to join; I want to belong to the one Christian Church, if there is such a thing, and to learn how to worship and live as a Christian according to some recognized Rule.' He is an educated man, and is in deadly earnest. I felt sorry for him, for I had to confess that I couldn't help him. The trouble about the revival is to come. We don't know what to do with our converts. We haven't got the machinery for training them in devotion and in the truths of the Christian Faith. They have been impressed by a rough, but genuine old-fashioned, illiterate preacher, and now they're handed over to bodies that have only the relics of Faith and a smattering of culture."

FORTUNATELY, at that depressing moment, the speaker's wife appeared.

"Tea is ready," she announced.

Abner Luke raised himself heavily from the sofa and moved towards the door.

But the young man with the eager voice and the black hair took his host by the sleeve.

"What you said just now is very true," he remarked. "That's where the Church of Rome has the pull on us."

Categorica: *As Set Forth in News and Opinions*

Edited by N. M. LAW

A FOURTEENTH CENTURY BOOKLOVER

In the *English Review* (London), Charles H. Lea has an interesting article on Richard de Bury, Bishop of Durham, Treasurer and Chancellor of Edward III and author of the celebrated volume *Philobiblon* (The Love of Books). Though Richard de Bury rose from a poor student to a bishopric and Chancellor of England, he is memorable as a lover of books. He possessed more books, the author tells us, than all the other English bishops together. He had a library at each of his residences. There is, too, a modern touch in the complaint of his friends, that so many books lay about his bedchamber that it was difficult to stand or move without treading upon them.

Richard de Bury was more than a book lover; he was a book worshipper; he sang of books as the poet sings of love, and the language which he used was almost euphuistic in its extravagance. Books, according to Richard, are "wells of living water;" "golden urns in which manna is laid up, or rather indeed honeycombs;" "the four-streamed river of Paradise, where the human mind is fed, and the arid intellect moistened and watered;" "the golden vessels of the temple, the arms of the clerical militia, with which the missiles of the most wicked are destroyed, fruitful olives, vines of Engedi, fig trees knowing no sterility, burning lamps to be ever held in the hand."

The good bishop explained that his ecstatic love had carried him away so powerfully that he resigned all thoughts of other worldly things, and had cultivated a passion for acquiring books.

His book was written, he said, to explain and justify his excess of zeal. His reasons were admirable, and have lost none of their pith with the passing of six centuries. "In books," he cried, "I find the dead as if they are alive; in books I foresee things to come; in books warlike affairs are set forth; from books come forth the laws of peace." One of his great points was that truth—which triumphs over all things, even over kings, wine and women—is preserved in perfection between the covers of books. Books, too, teach without punishment, never lose temper, never deride the struggling seeker after knowledge; and above all, "books delight us when prosperity smiles upon us; they comfort us inseparably when stormy fortune frowns on us."

Some students of his day were so negligent of books that the book lover devoted a whole chapter to their iniquities. His description of the typical scholar is amusing:

"You may happen to see some headstrong youth lazily lounging over his studies, and when the winter's frost is sharp, his nose running from the nipping cold drips down, nor does he think of wiping it with his pocket handkerchief until he has bedewed the book before him with the ugly moisture." We can all echo the book lover's wish: "Would that he had before him no book, but a cobbler's apron!"

A further description of the scholar is:

"His nails are stuffed with fetid filth as black as jet, with which he marks any passage that pleases him." The modern book vandal, turning down the corners of pages and wetting his finger to turn over a page, is virtuous compared with one who marked passages with a dirty thumb-nail. In the Bishop's time straw was cast on the floor in lieu of mats, and it appears that the ingenious scholar made it his habit to pick up these straws and use them as book-marks. In addition he did not scruple to eat and drink over an open book, to the consequent ruin of whole pages; and when he argued, he damped "the book lying half open in his lap with sputtering showers." In hot weather the scholar used his wet and perspiring hands to turn over the leaves, and thumped the white vellum with his dusty gloves. "At the sting of the biting flea the sacred book is flung aside and is hardly shut for another month until it is so full of dust that it resists the effort to close it."

RADIO RELIGION

"Radio has got religion, and religion has got radio," says Quin A. Ryan in *Liberty*. The announcer of WGN surprises us when he announces that there are 700 radio stations in these United States, and one in every fifteen is owned by a religious organization. We also read that "one-half of all the stations include some form of worship or a religious program in their broadcast offerings." More power and better wave lengths to these dispensers of some balm and inspiration to those who cannot attend church. But, alas, the radio is making more empty the fine pews of the Protestant churches. After all, Protestantism has nothing to offer but a man's voice and a bit of music, and these carry well on the air. The great Sacrifice that constitutes the heart of Catholic worship can never be broadcast. Yet the radio is a blessing to some. Stand by for Mr. Ryan:

It delivers to the hearthstone of the isolated and to the bedside of the shut-in the balm and inspiration of holy service—and welcome, too, even to individuals who have been indifferently beyond the rim of any flock.

An infinite variety of letters—from the invalid, the

THE † SIGN

woodsman, the hill-bound farmer, the lighthouse guardian, the housewife whose domestic duties do not permit church-going—testify to the radio's efficacy in bringing the very "feel" of the church service to them. Its mirroring of the inspirational exercises within the church wins back countless strayed members of the flock. Its non-denominational programs gain the ears of thousands who shun the pulpits. Its moral lessons hit home effectively because the recipient is in a receptive mood, at his ease in his home, with no distractions.

Religious broadcasting has been so successful that there have been predictions of "radio churches" to supplant poorly equipped rural pastorates. A community chapel would replace the little red meeting-house and a radio horn replace the little-read preacher.

RELIGION IN THE SCHOOLS

There is the customary debate in the *Forum* on religion in the schools. As all the *Forum's* discussions, it will end nowhere. But, incidentally, we see some fine ideas and well expressed, in an article by B. S. Winchester entitled "Without God, Is It Education?" For instance:

It requires no very keen analysis of the public school curriculum to reveal numberless opportunities for religious instruction in connection with the customary subjects. Much of this instruction will be informal and incidental, consisting of an emphasis or interpretation designed to vitalize and illuminate the values of the subject matter. Nature study provides a convenient approach to nature's God, mathematics suggests the inevitableness and immutability of God's laws, history may be studied as the story of the unfolding purposes of God. To teach science and ignore the spiritual implications of physics, chemistry, and biology is, in this day, to give a biased and unscientific interpretation of natural phenomena. Art, poetry, music, biography, are rich with religious suggestiveness.

THE COCOANUT RADIO IN TAHITI

"Not many radio devotees," writes J. N. Hall in *Travel*, "know that the inhabitants of Tahiti, in the South Seas, have had for centuries a very remarkable wireless service known as the Coconut-Radio." Our comment is that this sort of broadcasting is not confined to Tahiti, in the South Sea islands. But hear Mr. Hall:

There is not a village on the island which does not have both receiving and sending stations, and the service is remarkably efficient, due to the fact that a group of extraordinary old ladies are in charge of the stations, serving purely for the love of the work itself. They have plenty of time to give to it, for most of them have long since buried their husbands and raised their children, so that their household duties—never irksome even at their heaviest in the South Seas—have been reduced to next to nothing. Indeed, they seem to live on gossip.

Nothing escapes them, and you yourself will not

escape if you chance to be passing the dwelling of one of them. "What's the news?" she asks eagerly. On an island so remote from the world as Tahiti everything that happens is news, and if you should go on without unburdening yourself she will invent something after you have gone, and broadcast it to all stations on her side of the island, giving your name for authority as to its truth.

It is amazing how these women manage to disseminate immediately, and to long distances, the news they have heard, or thought they have heard, or wished they had heard.

Whoever doubts the efficiency of the coconut-radio has only to come here for a brief visit. Within ten minutes of his arrival, the news will be known to every one in the port and the adjacent villages. Within fifteen minutes, the oldest lady operator at Tehaupoo, the farthest settlement of all from Papeete, will be saying to some crony of hers: "I hear there's a new American just arrived by the steamer. They say—" and then she will give a minute description of the new arrival, a complete catalog of his physical peculiarities and a great deal of his family history; and if he could be listening, he'd learn many things about himself that he never knew before.

THE CATHOLIC THEATRE MOVEMENT

For some of our readers who have never heard of the Catholic Theatre Movement, and for others who may know of its "White List" of plays, but have very confused ideas of its purpose, we subjoin the following facts culled from its Bulletin:

The Catholic Theatre Movement is organized for the purpose of determining and maintaining the Catholic standpoint with regard to the theatre: its activities to be directed towards developing the conscience and sentiment of Catholics in their patronage of the theatre.

The White List is a suggested not an imposed guide to plays which in the main, are free from objectional features. Playgoers who may accept some plays in the List and reject others are serving the purpose for which the White List was designed and helping the campaign of education in which the Catholic Theatre Movement is engaged. There is no White List of managers or of theatres.

In making a selection for the White List no obligation is incurred of vouching for the author of the play so chosen, the producing manager or the theatre in which the play is presented. An author may write down to his market and follow a worthy play with an unworthy one. A clean play in the same theatre, and during the same season, may be sandwiched between two vicious ones. Better there should never be a White List than any Catholic should find in it an excuse to relax his vigilance or silence his conscience.

It is disquieting to reflect that the commendation given to a manager for something worth-while may really serve to exploit later productions whose only excuse for being is dictated by the unholy policy of the box office.

That the White List should in any way be capitalized for advertising purposes cannot be sanctioned.

THE † SIGN

THE SORROWFUL WAY

These verses were contributed to *The Irish Statesman* by W. M. Letts. Unique in ideas, they are passed on to our readers.

It was upon a Friday Our Savior took the road
And heard the rough shouting and felt the sharp
goad,
So footsore and so weary, the Cross for His load.

He knew the grief that cobble-stones can bring to
tired feet;
He knew the dust of walking, the parching thirst,
the heat,
The gay, cruel voices, the cold eyes of the street.

The Cross was there ahead of Him upon Mount
Calvary,
He might not rest or linger beneath a tree,
Nor hear the little waves that splash about Lake
Galilee.

Dumb, goaded forward, struck with sticks, I wonder
did He weep
For those who travel footsore, oxen and sheep,
For these too have a tryst with death that they
must keep.

I wonder did He pray for them, companions of His
grief;
He who would share His Paradise with the poor
Thief.
Will He for beast as well as man offer relief?

Then every Thursday morning lift up your heart
and pray
For limping feet and beaten hides which pass that
day.
God's poor gentle creatures who walk the bitter
way.

From market square to butcher's shop there is a
weary space;
The journey ends at last in a sorry place,
Oh! pray God have them in His sight and mercy's
grace.

S. P. C. A. AND THE METHODISTS

The Maryland Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals recently promoted a boxing carnival for the benefit of their organization. Baltimore's elect, with the Governor and the Mayor of the town, were there. The show was a great success financially. But the church folks cannot see the propriety of such an event. *The Methodist Protestant* protested:

We have no patience with those who give pain to dumb beasts, but Baltimore has put a new feather in her cap in staging a prize fight to raise money to prevent cruelty to animals. Can there be anything more absurd under God's canopy?

The Governor of the State and high officials of the city were present to see human beings beat one

another into unconsciousness in order that animals might not suffer pain. Where was the society for the prevention of cruelty to men when that farce was being staged?

Can there be anything more humiliating than the fact that the chief character who staged this brutality in the interest of tenderness was a woman? But, dear me, a sister staging a prize fight to raise money for the prevention of cruelty to animals—was it ever thus before? Oh, Maryland, my Maryland, what next?

YOUR FAMILY TREE

There is little comfort for those who delight in reciting the glories of their ancestry in an article in *The American Magazine* by Albert Payson Terhune. Judging from the number who now naively tell of the sufferings and hardships their forbears suffered in the crossing of the Mayflower, that lowly vessel must have been a leviathan of the deep. "It's high time," says Mr. Terhune, "that someone put a large size stick of dynamite under the ancestor fetish that has caused so much needless pride and chagrin." He continues:

... With a professional genealogist, I have been working on the subject. Suppose, for instance, you and I are descended from William the Conqueror, that swashbuckling Norman Duke, son of an unwed mother. He was in his prime in 1066 A. D.

Statistics allow something like thirty-three and a third years to each average generation. That means 26, or more, generations between you and William the Conqueror.

You had two parents, and four grandparents, and eight great-grandparents, and sixteen great-great-grandparents; and so on. Continue doubling, for each generation, till you pass 26. That means you have (roughly speaking) about forty million ancestors since William the Conqueror. It sounds preposterous, I know; but get a pencil and paper and figure it out for yourself. At the end of your figuring you will find that you have had fully forty million ancestors since 1066; not deducting, of course, for the fact that the ancestral lines must have crossed and redressed one another many times.

In all Great Britain and France combined, in 1066, there were not forty million people; probably not in all western Europe. So, if you have had forty million ancestors since the days of William the Conqueror, it is fairly certain you must be descended from him.

But before you let this glad news thrill you, stop and remember that you are also descended from the off-scourings of the London and Paris gutters. Some of our ancestors sat on thrones. Others were hanged. Some led armies. Others begged in rags. To confess descent from the worst of them is not a sweet "Thought for the Day." But it happens to be logically true.

This genealogy craze is a risky and fruitless thing.

The Church and Re-Union

A Note Anent the Lausanne Conference

PERHAPS ON NO topic of importance to Christians is there so much wild talk and muddled thinking as on "re-union." Every party in every denomination, almost every individual, interprets the term in a different sense; and, though there is no possibility of substantial disagreement among Catholics, there is confusion and misunderstanding as to the Church's real attitude, partly because so many re-union enthusiasts insist on talking loudly when they should be listening and partly because individual Catholics allow themselves to be diverted from the main issues in pursuit of sundry red herrings.

The position of the Catholic Church in this matter is clear, certain and fixed, and has relation (1) to re-union properly so called, and (2) to re-union improperly so called. These must be clearly distinguished.

The first concerns the dissident Oriental churches, namely, the Orthodox Eastern Church, which is made up of some sixteen autocephalous bodies, of which the Greek church and the Russian church are the most important; these are schismatics (*i.e.*, cut off, by their own act, not by excommunication) from the Catholic Church since 1054, but presumably not in formal heresy; and the Armenian, Coptic, Syrian Jacobite, Abyssinian and Malabar churches which profess the heresy of Eutyches (Monophysites); and the East Syrian, or Nestorian, church.

Apart from those errors which originally cut them off from the unity of the Church, and subsequent developments therefrom, these bodies (subject to accidental differences of liturgy, discipline and custom) are in agreement with the Catholic Church in faith and practice; the validity of their episcopal and sacerdotal orders and of their sacraments are not called in question; so much so, that a Catholic in danger of death is urged to avail himself of the ministrations of their clergy, if one of his own is noways available. Obviously the abandonment of their errors by and renewed affiliation with the Catholic Church of these Oriental churches may very properly be called re-union.

On the other hand, with the Protestants—whether Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Unitarian, Baptist, Wesleyan or other—this is not the case. It is a question of *union*, not "re-union," for

they have never at any time formed an integral and organic part of the Catholic Church as have the Oriental churches. Their heresies are many and various, and their adherents, being for the most part indifferent to religious authority, pick and choose over a still wider range of error and uncertainty. As regards Episcopalian churches (whether of England, Wales, the United States, etc.), Pope Leo XIII in 1896 condemned their episcopal orders as invalid. In consequence, they have no true sacraments; nor is there any reason to suppose that this conclusion of the Supreme Pontiff will ever be reversed. The possibility of "corporate re-union" of the Episcopalian church with the Catholic Church is a sad and mischievous delusion which has been the cause of much misery to many devoted men.

At the present time, and for many years to come, the Catholic Church will offer membership to Episcopalians only by way of individual submission. If and when the "Anglo-Catholic" party from being only a party comes to represent the Episcopalian Church at large, and when there is a general movement and desire in that church to become part of the Catholic Church, then will be the time to discuss corporate union. Even then, it could only come about by way of submission, but to a really Catholic-minded body neither the word nor the act would be so great a stumbling block.

To such a body it is quite conceivable that the Roman Pontiff would be prepared to grant certain concessions in merely disciplinary matters. But to talk about this such concession at the present is folly and a waste of time; to do so is to betray ignorance of how the Church regards Episcopalianism.

POPE PIUS XI, in considering the disunion of Christendom turns his eyes rather to the ancient churches of the East than to the Protestant bodies of the West. By his Apostolic Letter, *Equidem verba*, of March 21, 1924, he appealed to the Benedictine Order throughout the world to assist actively in the work for re-union with the East, and in particular desiderated the foundation of a Benedictine monastery of the Slavonic rite. The healing of the wounds of Christendom is more likely to begin in Moscow or in Constantinople than in Canterbury or Lausanne.

Timothy: *The Simple Story of the Handy-man who Hoarded*

WHenever I think of success, and happiness, and "worth-while things"—as they say in women's clubs—I am reminded of Timothy.

Timothy was our handy-man. In large city apartment houses, tenants must have handy-men; and their duties are varied. They are extra, as well as handy, men. They run front elevators and back elevators; they stand at the front door one day in uniforms and call your limousine or a taxi, and the next day they are wearing overalls and calling at the kitchen for the garbage. Their hours are dependent on the off hours of the other men, and I think they never sleep. At least, they never seem to.

That is, Timothy never seemed to. One heard his high-pitched voice in the middle of the night, bawling out a new, "green" hand; he came, at all hours of the twenty-four, to "slice" an electric wire, mend a table leg, fix a faucet, plane a refractory door sill. You had only to put your mouth to the house telephone and say: "Send up Timothy right away, please," and he was as good as there.

He took dogs for an airing or minded babies while mothers or nurses "just ran around the corner." He cleaned bathroom floors and washed windows in his "off" time; he had been known to wash the dishes and the pans when a maid left, suddenly.

And always he said: "Sure, I don't mind doin' ye a favor, ma'am. It don't hurt nobody to do people a favor! An' I ain't lookin' for tips, ma'am. That ain't my way. I'm glad to do as much for the wan that has no money to tip me, as I am for the rich tenant who's always slippin' me a dollar or two!"

And he was—but he took the tips, too. Timothy got many gifts of money from the tenants in the house, and soon it got noised about that he was a rich man. The other attendants had found out that he saved his money. He was always running to a savings bank, in his spare seconds, and depositing the day's returns.

I, a tenant, commended him. "It is wise to save," said I.

"Ah, well," he told me, "I don't want to be beholden to no one for my keep when I'm too old to work! I'll be goin' till I'm seventy, say, an' then I'll be dead from the neck up, maybe,

By JEROME HARTE BOSMAN

an' I'll need a nest egg to put me in a Home. You know how it is, ma'am. I got no chick or child, nor a livin' relative that I know of. I'm all alone in the world. For why shouldn't I be savin'?"

"Few men are so sensible," I sighed, remembering the hallmen and the porters and elevator men tenants have been called upon, in their time, to succor and bury.

Time sped. Men came and went, as they will in city apartment houses; but our Timothy stayed on. First, the children who had been babies were going to school; then, before one knew it, they were off to college. They came home; went into business; married.

"It don't seem possible, ma'am," said Timothy.

Men who had been young when the old man was first hired were gray; some limped; others had died. We were grandparents, instead of parents—we said the house was old-fashioned and the plumbing out of date, but we were too old to move, now! We should have done that a few years ago.

Timothy was still the handy-man. He looked just the same to us. He said: "I'm not gettin' any younger, ma'am," but he did not believe he was old enough yet to retire. "Plenty o' time for that when I'm seventy, ma'am!" We more than suspected he had been seventy some birthdays past.

HE WAS as tireless as ever, it seemed. And then, on a hot day, one heard that he had fainted when he tried to lift a trunk for a tenant. A young doorman took the trunk from him, brusquely, and said: "You're too old to be liftin' heavy things!" when he came to. One heard that the old man had flushed purple and that his dim eyes had filled with tears.

We were all reminded of "The Last Laugh." But there were no deeper stories of degradation for Timothy. After all, he had been garbage man for many years, being handy and extra; and are there lower walks of life?

The trunk episode passed. Then, while we were saying: "Old Timothy is getting feeble," and "Don't you suppose he has saved enough to live on the rest of his life?" Timothy died.

It happened suddenly. Yesterday the old man's shrill voice hailed a maid, jocularly, from the

THE † SIGN

back stairs; today his thin white face and his scant white hair did not peer out of the back elevator door at his customary hour. One of the regular men said: "Well! what do you know about it? We sent around to Timothy's, and the woman said he died last night!"

H DAY passed. And the day after, a young doorman came collecting from the tenants—to bury Timothy. "We don't want him put in Potter's Field, ma'am."

"But look here! Timothy was a thrifty soul! For years he has been getting big tips in this house and putting them all in the savings bank! Why on earth should you take up a collection to bury him? Use what he saved! He has no one to leave it to! It *must* be used to pay his funeral expenses!"

"I know, ma'am. I thought so, too. But he hasn't got a cent in the savings bank!"

"Nonsense!"

Unbelieving, a committee of us, went to Timothy's "home." It was a small hall-room off a dark back tenement flat, let him by the honest scrubbing woman who lived in the flat.

The room was incredibly bare and clean. He always took care of it himself, his landlady told us—now, when did he get time to do that, too? The undertaker had been there, and Timothy was laid out on his iron bed, under a sheet. "Sure, we couldn't endure t' have him taken away till we knew if the tenants would buy him a nice coffin, ma'am—an' him that proud!" The tattered green shade at the window was let down to keep out a pallid sunlight that flittered over high loft buildings behind the tenement; but the sash at the bottom was up a bit, to let in a dank air and the noise of the elevated. Old Timothy's home, if he ever was home.

We asked to see his belongings. They were all there. Behind a faded, limp curtain hung his clean pair of overalls—he washed them himself every week—and his worn black suit and "derby." "He never missed dressin' up in 'em to go to Mass every Sunday, ma'am!"

In the drawer of a rickety washstand, we found a couple of worn ties, a rubber collar, three grayish handkerchiefs, and a stub of a pencil; on the wall above his cot bed was a calendar and a sacred picture—Timothy's earthly belongings.

"But he had money in the bank! And no relatives to claim it! Why should the tenants buy him a coffin and bury him? Use his savings for that! Where are his bank books?"

"Oh, *them!*" sighed the scrubbing woman. She went to the dead man and lifted an end of

the pillow beneath his head; she drew out a slim package of tattered, soiled pass books. "See for yerselves!" she cried. "The poor bye hasn't as much as ye could bless yerself wid! Always puttin' money in the bank—an' always takin' it out next day! That was himself!"

Well, there you had it! For years and years, Timothy had hoarded his tips and stuck them away in the savings bank—the left-hand pages bore testimony to that. And as fast as he put it away, Timothy took the money out again—the right-hand pages proved that.

"But why—why?" we demanded, turning the thumbled leaves.

"It was just the way he was made," sighed the poor woman. "He couldn't see a body wantin' anything, an' him havin' money! When he was emptyin' the waste paper baskets fer the tenants, he said all the charity letters thrown away used t' drive him crazy, ma'am, an' he'd bring home the ones about cripples an' little childer an' the like, an' he'd send 'em checks himself! He did that!"

"Whenever a body was in trouble they came to Timmie an' he gave them money. Many's the family he's fed—an' the friend he's buried! Ye got to know that, ma'am! An' him buyin' us all we needed, right up till last week!"

"He got Mis' Gallagher a radio. She's bedridden. An' what a God's blessin' to her! Mickey Donovan had to have crutches, an' he told Timmie. That's all ye had t' do—tell Timmie!"

"If he's got a balance o' two dollars any place, I'll miss my guess! But sure, he did mean t' save enough to have Masses said fer him!"

WE BURIED Timothy, we tenants. And gave the priest money to say Masses for his soul. Though God knows I know many a man and woman among us who will need them more than Timothy does!

The Reason

By ST. JOHN WICKINGHAM.

Of all the colors that God made
He loves deep red the best.
He wore it once in Love's Crusade,
Scourged, nailed on Calvary's crest.

THE SIGN POST is in a special sense our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer as clearly as possible any question relating to Catholic belief and practice, and publish all communications of more or less general interest. Please make your communications brief. The more questions, the better! As evidence of good faith, sign your name and address.

THE SIGNPOST

QUESTIONS
AND
COMMUNICATIONS

No anonymous communications will be considered. Writers' names will not be printed, unless with their consent. Don't hesitate to send in your questions and comments. What interests you will very likely interest others, and will make this department more instructive and attractive. Please address: THE SIGN, UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY

THREE SAINTS

(1) *I heard of a saint who was bedridden for thirty years. Could you give me her name, and also tell the price of the book of her life?* (2) *How much is the Life of St. Paul of the Cross?*—M. K., HOLLIS, L. I.

(3) *Why is St. Christopher called the protector of travellers?*—A. D., JERSEY CITY, N. J.

(1) I presume that you are thinking of St. Lidwina, who from the age of fifteen years till she died in 1433 at Schiedham, Holland, suffered every kind of physical pain, and who for thirty years never quitted her bed. Inquire at the Catholic book stores for an account of her Life. You will find a short sketch of the saint in Butler's Lives of the Saints for April 15th.

(2) The Life of St. Paul of the Cross by Fr. Pius Devine, C.P., costs \$1.50.

(3) St. Christopher was a popular saint during the Middle Ages. Around his memory have grown up many legends, the most beautiful of which is that of his carrying an unknown child across a stream who turned out to be the Child Jesus. The saint's name means "Christ-bearer." Since this legend suggests the idea of transportation it is but natural that a saint of this kind be chosen as a patron of those who transport themselves from place to place. A belief that whoso looked upon the face of St. Christopher should not that day be struck down by sudden death led to the frequent picturing of him in churches, over city gates, etc. The fixing of medals of St. Christopher, showing him with the Child Jesus on his shoulder, on autos (which practice has no official sanction on the part of the Church), enables travellers by auto to look upon him frequently.

BLOOD RELATIONSHIP

My grandmother's mother and my friend's mother's father were brother and sister. Now, what relation is my friend to me?—E. T., SOMERVILLE, MASS.

You are unequal second cousins, or, in canonical language, you are related in the fourth degree touching the third. There is one more generation on your side than on your friend's.

NON-CATHOLIC WITNESS

May a non-Catholic young man be a witness at a Catholic marriage?—J. V., WEST DE PERE, WIS.

Non-Catholics are not allowed to act as witnesses at marriage without permission from the bishop of the diocese to be granted for a grave reason.

THE BIBLE AND IMMORTALITY

(1) *What is a biblical concordance, and what information can one obtain from such a book? Where may I obtain a concordance of the Catholic Bible?*

(2) *Will you also give the passages in the Bible where the immortality of the soul is plainly stated or indicated. A well-informed friend stated that there is not one verse in the Bible which says that the soul of man is immortal.*—L. R., ST. JOSEPH, MO.

(1) A concordance of the Bible is a verbal index to the Bible, or a list of biblical words arranged alphabetically with indications to enable the inquirer to find the passages of the Bible where the words occur. Some simply indicate the passages; but a really good concordance quotes enough of a passage to recall it to the memory of one familiar with it. Sometimes "concordance" is used in reference to alphabetical indexes of biblical subjects or topics, which guide one to all the passages of the Bible referring to the subject in question; but as commonly employed in English the word "concordance" denotes a purely verbal concordance, a text-finder.

The principal use of the concordance is to enable the reader to locate any text he remembers, or to locate accurately any text vaguely remembered, if but one important word of it be recalled.

"A Textual Concordance of the Holy Scriptures," arranged especially for use in preaching, by Rev. Thomas David Williams, is published and costs \$5.75. This book uses the topical method. A simpler book for the laity, following the same method, is "The Divine Armory of Holy Scriptures" by Rev. Kenelm Vaughn. Price \$2.00. THE SIGN would be pleased to send you either of these books upon receipt of price, adding ten per cent. additional for postage.

(2) All Holy Scripture is based upon the idea that the human soul is immortal. The Scripture declares that God created man according "to His own image and likeness" (Gen. 1:26, 27). Of no other being was this said. There must, therefore, be something in man which differentiates him from the other orders of creation. That likeness is found in man's soul, endowed as it is with the three faculties of intellect, will, and memory. A being which possesses such faculties must be a spirit, since the faculties are themselves spiritual. The way a thing acts indicates its nature. Since the soul is spiritual, that is, without parts of any kind, there is nothing in it to corrupt or decompose, as is the case with the body, which is material and therefore made up of parts. The spiritual nature of the soul is the reason of its immortality. Holy Scripture calls the soul a spirit: "the dust [shall] return to the earth, and the spirit return to God Who gave it" (Eccles. 12:7). Like

THE † SIGN

God, Who is a Spirit (John 4:24) the human soul will live forever.

There are passages without number which indicate that the soul of man is immortal. All those texts which hold out to us eternal reward or eternal punishment testify to the immortality of the soul. An everlasting sanction regarding a being who lives only in this world is absurd. "The wages of sin is death, but the grace of God life everlasting in Jesus Christ Our Lord" (Rom. 6:23). Christ Himself paints for us a picture of general judgment. "These [the wicked] shall go into everlasting punishment; but the just into life everlasting" (Matt. 25:46). Christ speaks plainly of immortality when, in reply to the Sadducees who proposed a question which they thought would show the absurdity of the resurrection from the dead, viz., of the woman who had been married to seven brothers, He answered them by saying, "the children of this world marry and are given in marriage. But they that shall be accounted worthy of that world and of the resurrection from the dead shall neither be married nor take wives. *Neither can they die any more*, for they are equal to the angels, and are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection" (Luke 20:27, seq.).

There are many other passages of Holy Scripture which show, either directly or indirectly, that the soul of man is immortal. Here is where a topical concordance proves helpful.

AGE LIMIT OF POSTULANTS

What is the age limit for entrance into the Passionist Order for one who has a high school education?—J. C., PHILA., PA.

The age limit is twenty-five. Superiors have discretionary powers in this matter in regard to deserving candidates.

GREEK SCHISMATICS AND UNIATES

(1) *Is there a Greek Catholic Church, and do its members acknowledge the Roman Catholic Pope?*—M. W., PITTSBURGH, PA.

(2) *Please explain the difference between our Church and the Greek Orthodox Church. By that I mean do Greek Orthodox priests celebrate Mass as our priests do? If so, why don't they recognize the Pope as their head? Is it true that in case of emergency we can confess to and be absolved by one of their priests? Would we really be hearing Mass in their church?*—M. C. T., NEWARK, N. J.

(1) This question comes up so frequently that it may be well to give a somewhat lengthy explanation of the differences to be found in what are usually called the Greek Churches.

First, the Greek Church is not synonymous with the Oriental or Eastern Church. The Syrian Church is Oriental, but it is not Greek. The Armenian Church is Oriental, but it is not Greek. The Chaldean, Maronite, and Coptic Churches are Oriental, but they are not Greek.

By Greek Church we mean ordinarily all the Churches which use the Byzantine Rite, whether these churches are in union with Rome or not. Hence, Greek Church includes Greeks, Slavs, Rumanians, Georgians, etc. Note that the term "Greek Church" is used in a wide and inappropriate sense;

for of the fifteen or twenty Churches which follow the Byzantine Rite only three are Greek by nationality. These three are the Church of the Hellenic kingdom, the Church of Cyprus, and the Church of Constantinople. And even this latter Church is not wholly Greek. It is made up of Greeks, Slavs, Rumanians, and Albanians.

The Greek Church in the sense given above—that is, in reference to the Byzantine Rite—is divided into two great divisions: the Orthodox Greek Church and the Uniate Greek Church. The Orthodox Greek Church is in schism; that is, cut off from union with the Pope and from communion with the faithful subject to the Pope. The Uniate Greek Church is in union with the Pope and with the rest of the faithful. The Uniate Greeks profess the entire body of Catholic truth. The Uniate Church is not confined to the Greek Church (Byzantine Rite), but embraces the Ruthenian Church of Galicia, the Rumanian Church of Hungary, the Bulgarian Church of Turkish Bulgaria, the Melchite Church of Syria, the Georgian Church, the Italo-Greek Church—all Catholic in faith but Byzantine in Rite. Further, the Uniate Church (not simply Greek Uniate Church), includes the Churches of the Armenian, Syrian, Chaldean, Maronite and Coptic Rites. In fact, any Church which does not follow the Latin Rite, but which is in union with the Holy See, is known as a Uniate Church. Therefore, there is a Greek Catholic Church which is called the Uniate Church, professing the same faith as held by Roman Catholics, and obeying the Roman Pontiff. In the East the term "Catholic" is universally conceded to those who are united to Rome.

(2) The Greek Orthodox Church is a schismatic church. That is, it has withdrawn from obedience to the Pope and communion with the faithful in union with Rome. The Orthodox Greek Church claims to have the same body of doctrine as the primitive Church. As a matter of fact, however, the Orthodox Church is not only schismatic but also heretical. It rejects Papal Infallibility, Papal Supremacy of Jurisdiction, the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, and the Procession of the Holy Ghost from the Father and the Son. The schismatic Greek Church is incorrectly named. Instead of being called Orthodox (holding the correct faith), it should be termed by Roman Catholics herodox (holding erroneous doctrines).

The Greek Orthodox Church, however, still holds much of the true faith. It believes in the seven sacraments instituted by Christ. Orthodox priests celebrate Mass validly, but in a different rite. That is, they employ ceremonies different from those of the Latin Rite.

The Orthodox Church refuses to recognize the Pope as their head because they are in error as to the pre-eminence of St. Peter and his successors over the other apostles and their successors. They are tenacious of the rights of the great sees of Constantinople and Antioch and will not acknowledge the supremacy of the Roman See in matters of jurisdiction. The Orthodox Church has refused to abide by the decision of the Roman Church regarding the procession of the Holy Ghost from the Father and the Son. This is called the "Filioque" controversy. Reunion with Rome was effected at various times, lastly at the Council of Florence, A. D., 1439, but it

THE † SIGN

was again broken. This backsliding into schism and heresy is a peculiarity of the Orientals. Error in doctrine, united to a congenital suspicion of Latins and an enervating lethargy may explain in some measure why they do not recognize the Pope.

In danger of death the absolution of a Greek Orthodox priest would be valid. But not outside this danger. The Church grants jurisdiction to every validly ordained priest to absolve in danger of death.

You would indeed hear Mass because Orthodox priests celebrate Mass validly. But Roman Catholics and Greek Catholics are forbidden to assist at services in schismatic churches.

SACRAMENTS ONLY FOR CATHOLICS

(1) *May a non-Catholic be confirmed in the Catholic Church and still remain a non-Catholic.* (2) *May a non-Catholic marry a Catholic in the Catholic Church and still remain a non-Catholic?* (3) *Is there any difference between the Catholic Church and the Roman Catholic Church?*

(1) The sacraments may not be administered to those not of the Faith. (2) Yes; but it is necessary to obtain a dispensation from the bishop to celebrate the marriage. (3) There is no difference between them. The Church founded by Christ is Catholic; that is, universal or world-wide. The added attribute "Roman" is used to designate the center of Catholic unity, which is lodged in the See of St. Peter at Rome. Sometimes those who call themselves Catholics, as the High Anglicans, use the term "Roman" to designate those Catholics who recognize the Pope. But this is an usurpation on their part. There are no branches in the Catholic Church.

FOUR UNRELATED QUESTIONS

(1) *Where is the Blessed Sacrament kept all day on Good Friday?* (2) *Why are there two lighted candles on the altar during Mass?* (3) *What is the meaning of "losing one's baptismal innocence?"* (4) *What does the expression "it is hard for thee to kick against the goad" mean? It was used by our Lord when He struck Saul from his horse on the way to Damascus.*—M. J. R., PATERSON, N. J.

(1) Two hosts are consecrated at the Mass on Holy Thursday. One is consumed by the celebrant and the second is carried in solemn procession to the repository (a specially constructed tabernacle) where it is reserved for the adoration of the faithful until Good Friday morning, when it is taken in procession to the high altar for the Mass of the Presanctified. The other consecrated particles which remain after communion of Holy Thursday are reserved in another tabernacle until the Mass on Holy Saturday, when they are brought back to the high altar for distribution. (2) Lighted candles during Mass have an historical and a symbolical meaning. In the early days of Christianity, especially when the Church functioned underground, as it were, in the catacombs, it was necessary to have light in order to conduct the divine service. Candles furnished the light. This custom was maintained even when there was no strict need for candles. Symbolically, lighted candles represent Christ Jesus, Who is "the light of the world," and "the True Light which enlighteneth every man that cometh

into the world". They also remind us that we must obey the command of Our Saviour; "so let your light shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father Who is in heaven." (3) Baptism washes away all sin from the soul, original as well as actual. It also remits the punishment due to sin, both in this world and the next. This washing makes the soul a "new Creature" (GAL. 6:15). The soul is adorned with sanctifying grace, and with the infused virtues of faith, hope, and charity, together with the gifts of the Holy Ghost. This blessed state is called "baptismal innocence". It is lost by the commission of the first mortal sin. (4) This expression means that it is vain to resist a superior force. It is a Hebrew proverb, and the metaphor is taken from the oxen plunging and resisting when goaded by the ploughman.

CHAPLET OF MERCY

Kindly inform me where I may procure the brochure on Sister M. Martha Chambon and the Holy Wounds of Our Lord.—H. J. M., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Write to the Academy of the Visitation, St. Louis, Mo.

OBLIGATION TO EMBRACE THE FAITH

May one who is convinced of the truth of the Catholic Faith delay his entrance into the Church if it entails grave inconvenience because of his family?—F. M., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

One who is convinced of the truth of the Catholic Church is bound by the Divine law to embrace the Catholic Faith and to enter the Church as soon as he can do so. A grave reason, proportionate to the seriousness of the obligation, will permit him to defer his entrance. Meanwhile, he must use the means of grace in order to preserve his new faith. In a matter of such serious import, he ought to seek and follow the advice of a prudent and experienced confessor.

CATHOLIC BOARDING SCHOOLS

Kindly let me know where I may obtain the names and addresses of Catholic boarding schools for young girls between the ages of eight and ten.—E. V., JERSEY CITY, N. J.

The following academies are within a short radius of Jersey City:

Holy Angels Institute, Fort Lee, N. J.; Oak Knoll School, Summit, N. J.; Academy of St. Joseph, Brentwood, N. Y.; Ladycliff-on-Hudson, Highland Falls, N. Y.; Ursuline Academy, Middletown, N. Y.; Mt. St. Mary-on-Hudson, Newburgh, N. Y.; Ursuline Academy, Grand Concourse and East 165th Street, New York, N. Y.

CRUCIFIXION GROUP

Where could I obtain a picture of the crucifixion group over the high altar in the church attached to St. Paul's Monastery in Pittsburgh?—R. C. S., PITTSBURGH, PA.

Write to the Rev. Rector of the monastery, or to the Sibbel Studio, 214 East 26th Street, New York, N. Y.

THE † SIGN

A CORRECTION

A Doctor of Canon Law from Washington, D. C., points out an error in the answer to the third question regarding sponsors at confirmation to be found on page 28 of the August SIGN Post. The answer to the question (3) "Should the sponsor at confirmation be different from the one at baptism" should read: "Yes, unless confirmation is administered immediately after baptism, then the sponsor for baptism may act as sponsor at confirmation." The proofreader nodded. The editor of the SIGN Post feels complimented to learn that a Doctor of Canon Law reads his department.

PERSONAL ANSWERS

To M. W.: You make an egregious blunder when you say that the Catholic Encyclopedia is authority for the statement that the action you mention is not sinful in the circumstances. Go to confession as soon as possible. T. L. L.: Consult your confessor. A reading of "The Difficult Commandment; a Book for Young Men," by Father Martindale, S. J., may help you. THE SIGN will send you this book upon receipt of 65 cents. To F. G. R.: The reasons you allege do not militate against the validity of your marriage. You had better consult a priest of your parish. To I. W.: Your method of offering up your good works is alright.

THANKSGIVINGS

Sincere thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for favors received.—E. H. F., PITTSBURGH, PA.

Please publish my thanks for a favor which I received from God.—M. F., HYDE PARK, MASS.

I had a nervous breakdown and promised the Blessed Virgin that if she cured me I would send \$5.00 for the Chinese missions. I am not entirely cured yet, but am able to go to work. For which I am very grateful.—E. D., PITTSBURGH, PA.

Please publish in THE SIGN the receipt of favors through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and St. Anthony.—M. D., NEWARK, N. J.

Thanks to the Little Flower of Jesus, my husband obtained work through her intercession. I started the novena on Thursday and he found a position on Saturday.—E. J. N., CHICAGO, ILL.

Please accept this little offering for the missionaries in China in thanksgiving to Our Lord, His Blessed Mother, St. Therese and St. Jude for the recovery of my daughter who was seriously ill.—M. L. E., CHICAGO, ILL.

Please publish my grateful thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and to St. Therese for a favor granted.—M. F., SARANAC LAKE, N. Y.

The following wish to publish their thanks to St. Jude: N. E., BROCKTON, MASS.; H. A. L., PITTSBURGH, PA.; F. T. C., MALDEN, MASS.; E. A. F., UNION CITY, N. J.; G. M. C., WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.; A. S., CHICAGO, ILL.; A. L. G., ETNA, PA.; A. T. K., SCRANTON, PA.; B. W., WEST SOMERVILLE, MASS.

Communications

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Dear Father: Please accept my sincere thanks for your letter in answer to my request.—M. A. D., PITTSBURGH, PA.

Dear Father: I want to take this means of expressing my thanks for your quick and inspiring answer to my recent request.—J. E. M., NEWARK, N. J.

Dear Father: I want to thank you for the pains you have taken to write me in this matter. I congratulate you on the fullness of your explanations. It certainly did the trick of settling our friendly dispute.—M. A. P., NEW YORK, N. Y.

COMMENDATIONS

I am a subscriber and interested reader of THE SIGN. Although I do not have time always to read your articles, I never fail to read your Question Box. In my estimation THE SIGN should be in every Catholic home, especially where there are children of school age.—J. B. H., BOSTON, MASS.

I always enjoy the Queries and Answers. It is very interesting and I congratulate you.—H. L. M., TAMPA, FLA.

May I just tell you what a wonderful piece of work THE SIGN is. It is excellent in literary style, information, and inspiration.—M. F. G., DORCHESTER, MASS.

DON'T CURTAIL THE SIGN POST

ELMHURST, N. Y.

Editor of THE SIGN:

I note V. L.'s suggestion in the August SIGN, and though I agree that more space given to the comment and discussion of readers might be an improvement. I beg of you not to curtail the Sign Post to secure the extra space necessary.

I think it is the best conducted question and answer department of any Catholic paper I have ever come across. The replies are invariably carefully thought out, well phrased, and polite. To read the answers in some papers one would get the idea that it was an offense to ask a question. No matter how silly or insulting a question may sound, I think that the mere fact of its being asked is an evidence that the mind is open, maybe not greatly, but in some degree, to possible correction. I am often called upon to answer questions on Catholic dogma by non-Catholics, and my thanks go to the Sign Post for its intelligent and interesting contributions to my knowledge.—M. C. M.

INTELLIGENT APPRECIATION

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I thank you for your persistence in reminding me to renew my subscription, and I wish to add a word of appreciation for your interesting magazine. I have enjoyed THE SIGN from the very first issue I received and I have found splendid articles in every one. I always find the Sign Post, *Categorica* and the editorial comment and intro-

THE † SIGN

ductory letter full of excellently expressed opinions and information. The bright, progressive appearance of the magazine's neatly printed pages is a point worthy of mention. Let me remark here that I thought the small illustrations of plastic models of events in Christ's life, which accompanied the articles on the Passion, were indeed beautiful. Through these characteristics THE SIGN has made itself prominent among those magazines which, as one Catholic editor has expressed it, read like magazines and not like prayerbooks.

I wish to commend especially your July issue, which I found absorbing from cover to cover; I thought Father Cuthbert's letter the outstanding reading of many an issue of THE SIGN. I hope I shall soon be able to aid your work with more than this tardy subscription price.—PETER GALLIGAN.

MEMO FOR K. OF C.

COVINGTON, KY.

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I have been a regular reader of THE SIGN, enjoying and take interest in your articles. Have no desire to criticise; but I would like to express myself in regard to the Knight of Columbus article, as it is one I cannot digest. First of all, you cannot truthfully say a person is a pesty critic, and then offer an excuse, with a just fault.

I hope to answer in words that will have the same effect as this article has on me. THE SIGN for the Passionist Missionaries, *The Columbia* for the K. of C. Have been a Knight of Columbus; very sorry at the time I could not remain one. Therefore, I sought refuge in the Passionist Missionaries, THE SIGN. For which in due time I hope to do my part.

The Supreme Secretary, Hon. Wm. J. McGinley, had requested of me a cause for the organization, which I furnished him in detail, but through another fault of the K. of C. my letter was not acknowledged. If I am below his consideration, I feel too big to be his Brother.

The K. of C. never will be a pillar of our Holy Roman Catholic Church. You know the organization lacks in many things. Let them show their stuff instead of bragging.

As one of your readers, please request of Hon. Wm. J. McGinley the letter with three inclosures mailed to him Dec., 1926, and satisfy yourself that I am justified in saying what I do.

You are trying to cover too much with that Biff. Bang, Slam and Noisy article in the August issue of THE SIGN.

G. A. WALTHER, JR.

THE PALESTINE EARTHQUAKE

JERUSALEM, JULY 20, 1927.

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Just finished with an earthquake, adult size. Last Monday shortly after three o'clock as I was sitting in my room my lamp got "jazzy feet" and my books were like a lot of Methodists at a revival who had gotten religion. This made me look about. And when my chair had an attack almost putting me on my ear and the books, tumbling from the shelf, struck me on the head, I became downright curious. Then when the ceiling began twisting and

making grimaces at the cracking walls I woke up to the fact of the unhealthy atmosphere in my room. I made my way along the corridor like one promenading deck in a heavy sea and eventually got out of doors white with plaster to find I was last to abandon ship.

On looking round I saw minaret and house crumble under my eyes and clouds of dust drifting away in the breeze. Luckily our good old house held, thanks to the iron beams used throughout the construction, but it is cracked in several places. The Carmelite Convent on Mt. Olivet is badly damaged; also many others. Nabulus and several other towns are in ruins. Around the Dead Sea great fissures opened—15 miles from us—and the whole country greatly changed. Officially there are 500 dead, and more are being dug out. None of us received a scratch.—SIMON YUNGFLEISCH, C. P.

A SINCERE ANGLICAN

NEW YORK, N. Y.

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I have just read with much interest Father Sweeney's August 1926 article in THE SIGN. I have several Catholic magazines I should be glad to send where they may do some good, and if you can let me have an address, it will give me pleasure to forward them. I am not a Roman Catholic. I was brought up in England as an Anglo Catholic, faithful to the Sacraments but differing in, as far as I can see, only a few inconsequential details.

Can you answer this problem for me. I believe in Trans-substantiation and the Real Presence in the Blessed Sacrament. I often attend Mass at the Roman Catholic churches. Would it be wrong for me to partake of Holy Communion at a Catholic Church while still an Anglican, confirmed and baptised in an Anglo Catholic Church. I ask this because I am spending some time this summer in a town where there is no church except the Roman Catholic, and I do not wish to forfeit Holy Communion, but do not want to violate a rule of your Church.—S. C. F.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We commend the zeal of Mr. F. It should prove an inspiration to Catholics. But Mr. F. is mistaken in thinking that there are only inconsequential differences between the Roman and Anglican Churches. The Anglican does not believe in the Real Presence as we Catholics believe in it, as has been recently stated by the Anglican Bishop of Liverpool, speaking to his fellow bishops of the Church of England (italics ours):

"I think there is no doubt at all that in the present Prayer Book we offer sacrifice to God in Holy Communion: we offer, first of all, the sacrifice of alms; we offer the sacrifice of the unconsecrated elements (the bread and wine); we offer the sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving; and we offer the sacrifice of ourselves. *But the offering of the consecrated elements as a sacrifice to God was deliberately cut out of the Church of England Prayer Book in 1552 and has never been restored.* It was cut out because it was regarded as the embryo of the Mass."

Under no consideration would it be right for an Anglican (Episcopalian) to receive Holy Communion in a Catholic church.

The Bridal of the Sea

The Tale of Roger Tierney's Love and Loneliness

IT WAS holiday time, and I had ridden over from Lishbeg to Carrigard. Sitting on the hills above the sea, my eyes upon that group of little islands which seems to me the loveliest off our Irish shores, I heard suddenly the pleasant plaintive voice of a man singing in the distance. The singer drew nearer, and the burden of his song grew more and more of sorrow. He passed me by, an old stooped man who must have once been handsome, singing serenely to himself a lament in the Gælic; and I saw then how the sorrow in his song was written also upon his thin, pale face, and in the limpid guileless eyes that looked at me and did not see—but saw, I thought, some dread vision of loss and bitterness, which voiced itself in lonely song, endless communing with the mountains and the sea.

It was holiday time, and all the land was beautiful with Summer, but in the heart of one, at least, who fared by green hills and shining waters, there was little of festival or delight.

That evening, when sunset transfigured the hills of Lishbeg and a great peace was brooding over purple valleys and bronze and golden peaks, I heard the tale of Roger Tierney's love and loneliness, which I have called "The Bridal of the Sea." My thanks to the gentle shepherd who told it . . .

Roger Tierney always appealed strongly to the fancy of Donoch MacLoughlin, the old storyteller of Lishbeg. He used to say that Roger was a man who had, even when he was a young lad, a promise of the sorrows of the world in his beautiful eyes. You would be pitying him in your heart, and uneasy about the destiny in store for him, as if he were closer kin to yourself than the rest of your neighbors. And all the time life would seem to be going cheerfully enough with him. Roger had money in the bank, and his father had a snug little farm. People liked the two of them well, and were proud to recall the old days of their greater prosperity, when the family was powerful in the parish of Lishbeg.

They lived beside an old corn-mill, which had been idle for a long time, and was said to be haunted by the ghost of a miller who had been killed while working in it, many years before. Donoch MacLoughlin was sure that the mill was haunted, for he himself had seen the dusty miller's

By P. J. O'CONNOR DUFFY ghost one June night when visiting Tierneys of the mill. He believed that young Roger had also looked upon the phantom, and was troubled by his memory of it.

Roger Tierney was courting Nuala Costello, a good-looking, gentle girl, whose father was a strong farmer in a corner of Lishbeg parish called the Rosses. Dan Costello was the father's name—Darnation Dan, some of the neighbors called him, because of his habitual use of the exclamation "Darnation!" whenever he was in the slightest degree excited. He was often so, for he was singularly short in the temper, inclined to be tyrannical in his home, and very determined of himself everywhere. Purse-proud he was, too, quick when there came an opportunity to swell out the purse, but slow at other times to untie the strings.

He was well pleased when the whisper reached him that Roger Tierney had a notion of Nuala. It was a common tale that there was plenty of money at the mill—the fruit of the old days of its prosperity. Roger was the only son, too, a quiet, agreeable young fellow, who would be easy to manage by-and-by. The Tierneys were, besides, of good old stock; there was not a more respectable family in the parish. And no one would be bothered remembering, at this time of day, the demented Con Tierney, who had been killed long ago in the mill.

Young Roger and the pretty Nuala were very happy in their liking for each other. You could see it in their eyes, in the quickening of their faces when they caught sight of each other. They were like two birds thinking of building a nest together in the springtime. Life was sweet with youth for them. It was all gold and silver colors, all clearness and brightness for the two of them, like the song of a thrush on a fine April morning when a body is young.

NUALA COSTELLO was one of the most beautiful girls in the parish. She was a slim, finely-shaped girl, a trifle delicate and timid to be the wife of a farmer in a backward place, with a very gentle pale face, too pale, maybe, for the country, and big dark-blue eyes with shy wonder in them, as if she saw a great deal which pleased her, but was nervous to speak. Roger was slim, too, a strong, lithe, dark-haired fig-

THE † SIGN

ure, with a thin face that you liked on account of its sadness, and dark eyes which appeared to be darker on some days than on others. At times there used to be a queer, unsettled gleam in them, as if he was not peaceful in his mind; but since the love look had come into them, old Donoch never noticed the little glitter of unrest any more, and was less troubled about his future. Things were like that for a long time . . .

ONE EVENING Donoch was coming down from the hills, with a score of sheep which he intended to drive to the fair next morning, when he saw a great cloud of smoke rising into the dusk from the valley. The wind swept it away toward the sea, but immediately another white cloud swelled upward, and billowed over the trees, to float in scattered wisps quietly, until the next whiff of wind drove them seaward. Then a big white pillar of smoke arose, and grew longer and longer, bending to the breeze, but seeming never to break. And suddenly, in the midst of the smoke, ruddy flames leaped up higher than the dark trees, and red sparks winged away from them like uncommon birds.

"It is Tierneys," said Donoch to himself, as he gazed downward with concern. "The mill is on fire."

He hastened home, and, having folded his sheep in one of the little fields beside his cottage, he went down the glen road in the direction of the mill. When he reached it, he saw that the big thatched dwelling-house was in flames. Neighbors had come, and were laboring their utmost to quench the burning with water from the river. In the red light, he could see dark figures moving strenuously, and now and then a stern face, that seemed strange to him in the glare. A woman raced across as he drew near, and he saw terror on her wild features.

"Old Brian Tierney is in the house yet," she cried. "They can't get at him. And Roger's not at home."

"Where's Roger?" Donoch moved aside, seeking a position in which to help.

"He rode up to Costello's a few hours ago."

"Well, we must save the father for him. If Roger loses him—"

Donoch had suddenly perceived a face at a small pane high in the gable. He saw the glass breaking—he saw that the aperture was too small to permit Brian Tierney to pass through it. He heard a feeble cry above him. Then he had a ladder in his hands, and Conor Deering was helping him. They leaned it against the wall.

"The pick-axe, Conor—a crowbar as quick as you can!" cried Donoch, ascending the ladder with a massive iron spike in his grasp. "Get another ladder. We will make the hole bigger. Hold on, Brian! You will be free this minute."

With a hopeful shout to the old man within, he began to prise away the wooden frame of the window. Above him he could see smoke and flame drifting into the night. Below him he heard loud cries, the splashing and hissing of water. Then of a sudden there rang the hoof-beats of a horse galloping.

"Make way! Make way," cried those near the burning house.

It was Roger Tierney returning home. The horse was in the yard, yet for some reason—likely the unusual scene affrightened him—his speed did not slacken. Swerving around by the gable, he struck the ladder on which Donoch MacLoughlin stood, and flung it to the ground. When Donoch regained his senses, he learned that Brian Tierney was dead.

Roger had leaped from his frightened horse, and, heedless of all peril, had gone where so many of the neighbors had vainly striven to go. Scorched and singed, he had come out, alone, crying in frantic accents for his father. It was Conor Deering who brought him forth at last, through the breach in the gable, but he was suffering so much from burns and shock, that he expired a few moments after Father MacManus had ministered to him. Gloom of sorrow came upon Lishbeg, and lingered there.

Roger Tierney was like a creature distraught. He came to Donoch MacLoughlin a few days later, when Donoch was on the hills in the solitude that was ever grateful to him. Roger was calmer then, very still and quiet of himself, as Donoch said, with the look of a man who is dazed, and waits for some other hidden happening which he expects to daze him even more.

"Ah, Donoch, Donoch," he said in half-whispered words, "what have I done at all that I am now like this? Oh heaven! Oh heaven! Oh heaven! Donoch MacLoughlin, you will speak to me—you will tell me. Tell me why my father is gone. Tell me why she will be taken. Tell me—tell me."

HE CLUTCHED at the lapel of Donoch's frieze coat and raised a haggard, pleading face in which his eyes were two dark pools of suffering. "My poor fellow," said Donoch, in solace, "it was a terrible thing, and your loss is a bitter

THE † SIGN

loss, but you must be a brave man, a brave, strong, man, Roger, under this great trial that we aren't wise enough to understand now. Some day, a mhic, it will be clear to us, and then we will know it was good to be brave. And in a little while you will be marryin' one o' the sweetest-natured girls in the wide world, good and gentle—"

"No, no, no! She is gone. You don't know. Friel's bank failed on us. My money is gone, too. And I rode up that day to break the news to Daniel Costello. He was angry. He was hard. And he spoke of a man from beyond the mountain, a rich farmer named Broderick who wants to marry Nuala. The poor girl cried bitterly—ah, Donoch, sure I cried bitterly myself—and this very day the father told me she would marry Broderick, in spite o' the tears. But, Donoch, tell me . . . tell me why this is . . ."

"And in the midst o' your grief he spoke to you like that? Roger, Roger, never fear, but he will be changin' his mind. And even if the bank's broke itself, it will likely pay you in good time. Who would expect that the great bank o' the Friel's would ever fail? It is the hard world, God help us."

"In the midst o' my grief . . . in the midst o' my grief he spoke to me like that . . . And this Broderick is an old sour man. She will die with him. She will die . . ."

The voice of Roger Tierney arose in a hoarse wail. He looked vacantly at Donoch, and then, releasing his fingers from his coat, he turned from him and hurried toward the Rosses, sobbing aloud.

* * *

NUALA COSTELLO was the most forlorn-seeming bride who ever passed out through the doorway of a church. Donoch MacLoughlin could see the white soul of her through the pitiful smile she wore, and it was a desolate and shivering young soul. In her festive dress she was a white rose in the wind, blown about, drooping and pale, amongst the gay words of her friends. Beside her, the husband looked like a figure wrought from some brown, coarse wood. He was a small, stiff, gnarled man, with ill-tempered eyes and a neatly-trimmed dark beard that hid his hard mouth. He had a big gold chain across his vest, which was of the finest broadcloth, and he had given his bride a ring which cost ten golden sovereigns.

Roger Tierney came to the wedding. He was now, with grief and shock and loss, an al-

most witless creature. For months he had been wandering about the countryside, crooning and mourning to himself, receiving many kindnesses from his neighbors while he stayed amongst them. He made not a single effort to restore his home at the mill. For weeks he had haunted the Rosses, hovering about the Costello's house until old Daniel had come to him with a gun in his hand and driven him away. At that time the girl was not there at all; she was with Dan's sister, who lived near the Brodericks' behind the mountain. Following that day, Roger had not been seen in Lishbeg for many weeks.

AND NOW he was come to it for the marriage. No one but Donoch MacLoughlin saw him. Hidden in a clump of laurels he was—where he must have been since early in the morning—looking out upon the bridal party with watchful black eyes and a weary, shadowed face.

"They'll be drivin' over to Carrigard for the breakfast," said one neighbor to another. "God help the poor thing; it isn't myself envies her the drive to the shore."

"'Twill be the lonesome day for Nuala at the sea-coast, where herself an' Roger Tierney spent many's the kindly hour—an' not so long ago, either, Soracha."

"No wonder the mornin's gray an' dreepy, Brigid."

"Sorrow wonder, indeed."

There was a rustle among the laurels, and a dishevelled figure came out wildly from them.

"Nuala! Nuala, a vilish!"

Roger Tierney leaped toward the jaunting-car on which sat the bride in her sorrowful finery. She went paler, and clutched at the rail along the back, looking down at Roger without a word, but with a great piteous amaze in her eyes.

"Drive on, sir! Whip up your horse, can't you?" the bridegroom cried angrily.

"Nuala, Nuala, you remember the pretty ring—it is yours—it is mine," babbled Roger.

As the car went suddenly forward, he thrust a ring into her hands, but the husband snatched it from her, and flung it back at Roger, who caught the jewel with a curious quick deftness, and held it aloft in his fingers. Then, without a word to those who had been silently watching, he strode down the road, and was later seen cresting the hills that lie between Lishbeg and Carrigard, a fishing village set in a break of the high cliffs, some five or six miles to westward.

Over there, two hours later, when the gray morning had cleared, and the sun had come

THE † SIGN

cheerily through the veils of cloud, Jasper Broderick was growing impatient of his girl-wife's silence and coldness.

"Come, Nuala," he said to her abruptly when they had eaten their wedding-breakfast, "we'll leave the rest o' them here, and go down by the shore, the two of us. 'Tis a grand day now for a walk along the sea."

"'Tis cold outside, Jasper," answered the hesitant bride, with a timid look around the dining-room of the old-fashioned hostel, "wait a little while, and—and we'll all go together."

"Isn't it badly off you are for the rest o' them?" he said with an ill-humored smile. "Come on out into the sun with you; 'twill put color in your cheeks."

So they went out together, following a path that led along the headland, and bent near the edge of the granite heights. The tide was nigh the full, and the green waters, rolling landward, swirled among the rocks, and beat themselves to foam against the cliffs. Bidding his wife sit in a little heathery nook, Jasper Broderick seated himself so that he was very close to her, with one of her limp hands in his, like a soft cap-

tured bird in a big brown claw.

"Now, Nuala, I have a great deal to say to you," he began. "And 'tis mostly about that daft fellow called Roger Tierney. There's still some hidden thing betwixt you—"

A wild cry rang in the brightening forenoon. Startled, they leaped up and, turning from the sea, espied the figure of Roger Tierney racing toward them from the little ridge behind which he had sheltered. One hand was held aloft, so that the sun gleamed upon the gold of a ring—gleamed but an instant, for he raced with great speed. Broderick sprang aside, in fear of him.

"Nuala! Nuala, a vilish!"

THERE WAS a terrible affection in Roger's breathless voice. The girl stood like one beneath a spell. Then the husband saw the racing figure reach her—he saw her caught up in lithe arms, and swept forward to the cliff's edge. A wedding garment fluttered in the wind. They were gone . . .

And when the sea gave up its girlhood treasure, it was Roger Tierney's ring that was upon the stiff white finger—Roger's ring alone!

The Thirteenth Station

(The Dead Body of Christ in the Arms of His Mother.)

By ENID DINNIS.

Take back thy Child, O Mother-Queen forlorn,
Cast to thee by the mocking hand of Death,
More subject than of yore at Nazareth—
More helpless than the Babe at Bethlehem born!

Through the death-silence watchful didst thou wait
With wistful patience on this tardy gift
That thou the thorn from off His brow mightst lift
And crown thy sorrows with this last "Too late!"

For thou didst hunger through those hours of pain,
With breaking heart, to rest that weary head
Now lifeless on thy bosom pillowéd,
And solaced by thy mother-love in vain.

Take back thy Child! those pallid wounds assuage
Where once thy tender touch had brought relief,
O seven-times sorrowing Queen, that by thy grief
The measure of thy glory men may gauge!

O mighty Mother of all living men,
Ere Death shall set at naught thy gentle aid,
At Calvary's foot, from whence my soul had strayed,
To thy pure heart take back thy child again!

The Deluge

*From the Sixth, Seventh and Eighth Chapters of Genesis**

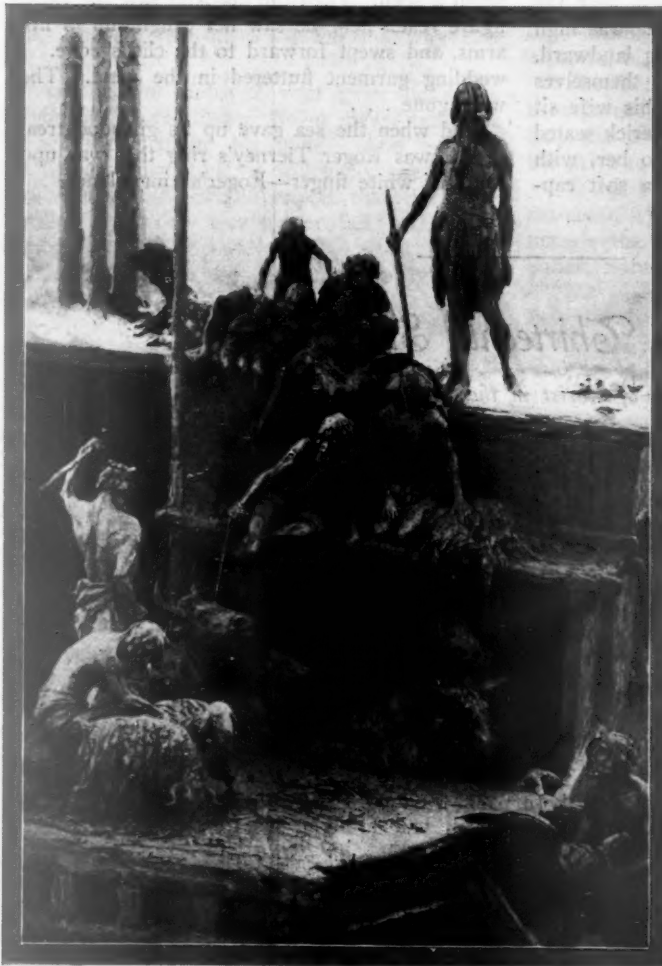
GOD SEEING that the wickedness of men was great on the earth, and that all the thought of their heart was bent upon evil at all times, it repented Him that He had made man on the earth. And being touched inwardly with sorrow of heart, He said: 'I will destroy man, whom I have created, from the face of the earth, from man even to beasts, from the creeping thing even to the fowls of the air, for it repenteth me that I have made them.'

But Noe found grace before the Lord. These are the generations of Noe: Noe was a just and perfect man in his generations he walked with God. And he begot three sons, Sem, Cham and Japeth. And the earth was corrupted before God, and was filled with iniquity. And when God had seen that the earth was corrupted (for all flesh had corrupted its way upon the earth), He said to Noe:

'The end of all flesh is come before me, the earth is filled with iniquity through them, and I will destroy them with the earth. Make thee an ark of timber planks: thou shalt make little rooms in the ark, and thou shalt pitch it within and without. And thus shalt thou make it: The length of the ark shall be three hundred cubits: the breadth of it fifty cubits, and the height of it thirty cubits. Thou shalt make a window in the ark, and in a cubit shalt thou finish the top of it: and the door of the ark thou shalt set in the side: with lower, middle chambers, and third stories shalt thou make it.

BEHOLD I will bring the waters of a great flood upon the earth, to destroy all flesh, wherein is the breath of life, under heaven. All things that are in the earth shall be consumed. And I will establish My covenant with thee, and thou shalt enter into the ark, thou and thy sons and thy wife and the wives of thy sons with thee. And of every living creature of all flesh, thou shalt bring two of a sort into the ark, that

* GENESIS, meaning Generation, is the first part of the Holy Bible—a book which, for interesting and instructive reading, has never been surpassed. It should be in every Catholic home. A large Bible, beautifully bound in leather, will be sent by THE SIGN to any address for \$4.25.



OF EVERY LIVING CREATURE, TWO OF A SORT

THE † SIGN

they may live with thee: of the male sex and the female. Of fowls according to their kind, and of beasts in their kind, and of every thing that creepeth on the earth according to its kind; two of every sort shall go in with thee, that they may live. Thou shalt take unto thee of all food that may be eaten, and thou shalt lay it up with thee: and it shall be food for thee and them.'

AND NOE did all things which God commanded him. And the Lord said to him: 'Go in thou and all thy house into the ark: for thee I have seen just before Me in this generation. Of all clean beasts take seven and seven, the male and the female. But of the beasts that are unclean two and two, the male and the female. Of the fowls, also, of the air seven and seven, the male and the female . . . For yet a while, and after seven days, I will rain upon the earth forty days and forty nights; and I will destroy every substance that I have made, from the face of the earth.'

And Noe did all things which the Lord had commanded him. And he was six hundred years old, when the waters of the flood overflowed the earth. And Noe went in and his sons, his wife and the wives of his sons with him into the ark because of the waters of the flood. And of the beasts clean and unclean, and of fowls, and of every thing that moveth upon the earth, two and two went in to Noe into the ark, male and female, as the Lord had commanded Noe. And after the seven days were passed, the waters of the flood overflowed the earth. In the six hundredth year of the life of Noe, in the second month, in the seventeenth day of the month, all the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the flood gates of heaven were opened, and the rain fell upon the earth forty days and forty nights . . .

For they overflowed exceedingly: and filled all on the face of the earth: and the ark was carried upon the waters. And the waters prevailed



ALL FLESH WAS DESTROYED UPON THE EARTH

beyond measure upon the earth: and all the high mountains under the whole heaven were covered. The water was fifteen cubits higher than the mountains which it covered. And all flesh was destroyed that moved upon the earth, both of fowl, and of cattle, and of beasts, and of all creeping things that creep upon the earth: and all men. And all things wherein there is the breath of life on earth died . . . And the waters prevailed upon the earth a hundred and fifty days.

AND GOD remembered Noe, and all the living creatures, and all the cattle which were with him in the ark, and brought a wind upon the earth, and the waters were abated. The fountains also

THE † SIGN



THE DOVE OF PEACE RETURNS

of the deep, and the flood gates of heaven were shut up, and the rain from heaven was restrained. And the waters returned from off the earth going and coming: and they began to be abated after a hundred and fifty days. And the ark rested in the seventh month, the seven and twentieth day of the month, upon the mountains of Armenia . . .

AND AFTER that forty days were passed, Noe, opening the window of the ark which he had made, sent forth a raven: which went forth and did not return, till the waters were dried up upon the earth. He sent forth also a dove after him, to see if the waters had now ceased upon the face of the earth. But she, not finding where her foot might rest, returned to him into the ark: for the waters were upon the whole earth: and he put forth his hand and caught her, and brought her into the ark. And having waited yet seven other days, he again sent forth the dove out of the ark. And she came to him in the evening carrying a bough of an olive tree, with green leaves, in her mouth.

Noe therefore understood that the waters were ceased upon the earth. And he stayed yet other seven days: and he sent forth the dove, which returned not any more unto him. Therefore in the six hundredth and first year, the first month, the first day of the month, the waters were lessened upon the earth, and Noe

opening the covering of the ark, looked, and saw that the face of the earth was dried . . .

And God spoke to Noe, saying: 'Go out of the ark, thou and thy wife, thy sons, and the wives of thy sons with thee. All living things that are with thee of all flesh, as well in fowls as in beasts, and all creeping things that creep upon the earth, bring out with thee, and go ye upon the earth: increase and multiply upon it.' So Noe went out, he and his sons: his wife, and the wives of his sons with him. And all living things, and cattle, and creeping things that creep upon the earth, according to their kinds, went out of the ark.

AND NOE built an altar unto the Lord: and taking of all cattle and fowls that were clean, offered holocausts upon the altar. And the Lord smelled a sweet savor, and said: 'I will no more curse the earth for the sake of man: for the imagination and thought of man's heart are prone to evil from his youth: therefore I will no more destroy every living soul as I have done. All the days of the earth, seedtime and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, night and day, shall not cease.'



NOE OFFERS SACRIFICE TO GOD

Archconfraternity Comment

(Intention of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion for September, 1927)

THE INTENTION for this month is "Our Lay Apostolate." We trust that all the members of the Archconfraternity will become deeply interested in this field of activity, because devotion to Christ Crucified must naturally lead us to the desire to bring closer to Him souls for Whom He died, and who, as a body, are getting ever further from Him.

WORKING FOR SOULS

Second Step: Winning the prospective convert to the idea that God wants men to be good, not in their own way, but in His way.

In this step, we must use great tact. We cannot leap at once into a prepared speech about religion, etc. We must lead up to our work, just as a salesman might lead on a prospective buyer. *Great patience and prudence are absolutely necessary*, together with the charity we have mentioned.

The advice of a noted sales manager may be found very helpful: "When you want to get aboard a street car," he would say, "which is already in motion, you do not run at it from right angles, and try to make the platform in one wild leap. If you do, you are likely to find yourself on the floor. No! You run along beside the car, increasing your pace until you are moving just as rapidly as it is moving, and in the same direction. Then you step aboard easily, without danger or jolt."

So the minds of busy men are in motion. They are engaged with something very different from the thought you have to present. You cannot jump directly at them and expect to make an effective landing. You must put yourself in the other's place, try to imagine what he is thinking. Let your first remark be in line with his thought, follow it by another, which you know he will agree with. Thus, gradually, your two minds reach a point where they can join without conflict. You encourage him to say, "yes," and "yes," and "that's right" and "I've noticed that, myself," until he says the final "yes," which is your favorable decision.

Now, in doing this, we may need to use months of time, studying those we hope to lead to the Faith, getting their ideas about religion, trying to get in step with their ideas, and leading them gradually to admit this fundamental idea, that God wants us to be good in His way.

Too much insistence cannot be made upon patience, tact, and more patience. Attempts to hurry a person into the Church, zeal without prudence, *trying to make many converts quickly rather than one good convert slowly, will all prove fatal to success.*

This second step, however, should not prove too difficult. The idea that God wants us to be good in His way appeals, as we have seen, to reason, is proven by Scripture, and is shown by experience to be the only way that will keep men united in their service of God.

Using present-day life as an illustration, we may rouse the prospective convert to see the awful evils that must follow from the principle of serving God in our own way. Why is there so much religious confusion in America today? Why is religion losing its hold, especially upon the young? Why do more than half of our people never go to church?

The fault is not so much with our people them-

In trying to bring a soul into the Church, we have said that there are three steps:

1. To win the prospective convert to yourself.
2. To win him to the idea that God wants men to be good, not in their own way, but in *His* way.
3. To win him to the belief that God teaches *His* way through the Catholic Church.

We have discussed the first step in last month's Comment, showing how those who wish to bring souls to the Faith must first win those souls to themselves—by charity. In this article we shall take up our second step.

We invite our readers, especially converts and those who have had any experience in convert work, to send us letters on any phase of this lay apostolate movement. Your ideas will help us and others in trying to bring those outside back to the Faith of Their Fathers.

THE † SIGN

selves. Men and women are naturally religious, and Americans are no exception. They want religion.

The fault, then, must lie with the churches themselves. And it does. Americans are so disgusted with the disgraceful divisions and wranglings of their religious leaders that they want nothing to do with this kind of religion, that brings discord and strife instead of peace and happiness.

Yet, all this confusion is the natural result of the idea that underlies all Christianity outside the Catholic Church today, the idea that we can serve God "without dictation of priest or prophet." Following out this belief, Christians become, instead of a united family, a disorganized mob.

We should be able, then, to win men and women over to the idea that we should serve God in His way. *The next and final question is, Where are we to learn God's way?* In the Old Testament He taught through His prophets. In the New Testament He promised to teach through His priests, successors of the apostles. *Where are the successors of the apostles today? Who teach the same things they taught?*

SOME LETTERS

Perhaps you will be interested to know of my little way of helping to bring non-Catholics into the fold. I make a note of all the non-Catholics who are quoted in any newspaper or magazine with saying something favorable about the Catholic Church, and I send their names to the St. Peter Claver Association to be enrolled as members, with 25c for each name. They then share in many Masses and prayers, and I offer up my own prayers for their conversion.

M. S., NEW YORK CITY.

One reader writes to recommend for non-Catholics the reading of Mother Mary Loyola's "Jesus of Nazareth," saying that "it gave me a better understanding of the personality of Jesus and His Blessed Mother than anything I ever saw or heard."

Another recommends "The Autobiography of Soeur Therese of Lisieux" and "Welcome" by Mother Loyola as "the most helpful and inspiring of all the books I have ever read." "So much has been said and written," she adds, "in praise of the Little Flower's Life, that I, in my small, inexperienced world of literature and my very limited vocabulary, realize it would be impossible for me to add one word more to make her better known and loved. But perhaps you can best understand all that she means to me, when I tell you that her 'little way' of bearing her daily crosses has been my salvation; and were I the happy possessor of a daughter, I would choose that book as her guiding star, not only for the beautiful example of the idea that shines therein, but for the tender, childlike love for our Savior with which we are inspired after reading it."

We might remark that the Little Flower seems

to be a patroness of converts, so many are the conversions ascribed to her influence. Surely she will hear the prayers of those trying to win souls to her Tremendous Lover.

The following letter we leave for future discussion by our interested readers:

Sir:

Your insane yawping about "getting converts" has at last gotten on my nerves to such an extent that I must let you know how your "prudent zeal" is affecting some of your non-Catholic readers. I know that you must be young. Adolescence, with all its worst features of narrowness, is written large on all your incoherent articles. Age and experience may broaden and mellow and ripen you. I sincerely hope so!

Christ gave us His idea of such proselytizing as yours, when He said something about going about the sea and land to make one proselyte worse than yourself. His Christianity, not Roman Catholicism, mind you, is based on charity, and charity means TOLERANCE. When will you Ultramontanes, you Romanists, you Papists get that fact into your sticky, constipated brains? Charity, tolerance; charity, tolerance; repeat, repeat, repeat, repeat—

Christians have gone through nineteen centuries of persecution, wrangling, civil war, inquisitions and medieval tortures to attain their present peace. Do you want us to go back to these things?

Are not Catholics in America better off than anywhere else? Have they suffered because America is a Protestant country? Is their Faith weaker because their Church is not mixed up in State affairs? Make America a Catholic country, and the corruption of your clergy and the decline of your Church will come as surely and inevitably as it came in medieval Europe.

Narrowness and sectarianism are not the marks of the Christian. Charity and tolerance are the signs by which "all men shall know that you are My disciples." The only way to attract me to your Church would be to show forth the tolerance of Christ. The one way to turn me forever from you would be to "go after" me, as you so naively suggest.

I do not deceive myself that I am a saint. I flatter myself, however, that I am as near to Christ as are many Catholics and even priests that I have met. And I must admit that I am far below many "benighted heathen" of my personal acquaintance, with whom I would much prefer to stand on "Judgment Day" than with you and your ilk. Why? Because I do not think that heaven is the place for narrow, sectarian souls. And I do not believe that God is going to ask us whether we were Catholics or Protestants or Jews, but only whether we did His Will, which still is: "Love one another as I have loved you."

How can you hope for His blessing on a work that will help to weaken this love among men by leading to the worst kind of hatreds—the hatreds of religion?

In the name of Christ, the King of Peace, give us,
not controversy, but CHARITY—TOLERANCE—PEACE!

Very sincerely yours,

H. M. S., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Marriage in Christ

The Appeal of Jesus Crucified

THE RELIGIOUS life portrays the virtues of Jesus Crucified. The priestly state, while exemplifying these virtues also, represents the very Passion and Death of Jesus in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Both these states receive inspiration, direction and perseverance from the Crucified Jesus, Who is ever the Model of all Christian morality and the Source of all necessary grace. While this is evident to the most casual observer, it is not generally recognized that the state of matrimony has a close and enduring relation with the Passion of Christ.

Pagan and heretical ideas and influence have obscured this most important fact. At the present time, divorce has crept in even among Catholic people; even among those who know that matrimony is one of the seven sacraments instituted by Jesus Christ for the guidance and salvation of the faithful. The evil influence of birth-control propaganda has infected even those who were married under the Sign of the Cross. And who can say what progress the crime of abortion has made among them—a crime particularly odious in that it forever deprives immortal souls of the redeeming and elevating merits of the Passion of Christ? In these evil times nothing is more important than that Catholics view the holy state of matrimony in its relation to the Cross and the Redeemer.

Matrimony is, in the first place, a holy state. It was elevated by Jesus Christ to the dignity of a sacrament. He has graciously chosen to make what was before a merely natural contract an instrument of Divine Grace. It then became just as truly a channel through which the merits of His blessed Passion are distributed, as baptism or holy orders. Just as Eve was taken from the side of Adam, so does grace flow from the wounded Heart of Jesus upon those who marry in the Lord. This sacrament, along with the other six, confers both sanctifying and sacramental grace. As all Catholics know, "sanctifying grace is that which makes the soul holy and pleasing to God." On those who receive this sacrament worthily, it confers additional beauty and perfection in the sight of God. Not many Catholics, however, know or realize the importance of sacramental grace. This is a grace which is peculiar to each of the sacraments and

By FRANCIS SHEA, C. P.

which gives to those who receive that particular sacrament a right to those helps necessary to persevere in the duties involved in its reception. Baptism confers a right to those graces or helps required to remain obedient children of God. Confirmation bestows a right to the strength necessary to profess the Christian faith, even unto death. Holy Orders endow the recipient with a right to the guidance required in the performance of such holy and difficult duties. So matrimony gives to the married couple a strict right to the graces and helps necessary for a faithful and persevering discharge of its essential duties; mutual love and fidelity to each other; strength to overcome the temptations peculiar to the state, and courage to embrace its difficult and painful duties. All this would never be but for the scourged Body, the crowned Head and the broken Heart of Jesus on the Cross; for He is the origin, the source of all grace, of all those helps, conferred through the sacraments, for the consolation and perseverance of those who have married in Christ and in the Church. It thus becomes a duty of every married Catholic to render heart-felt thanks to Jesus Crucified for the graces that console, strengthen and sanctify them in the holy state which they have chosen. If these things were more thoroughly realized by Catholic people about to marry, they would hardly prepare for the reception of this holy sacrament by frequent and deliberate sin; they would not enter upon it with the express intention of cheating marriage of its lawful end. They would prepare for it even as they did for First Holy Communion. They would be desirous of gathering to themselves the precious graces of which the sufferings and death of Jesus were the infinite price.

THE MARRIED state, while brought into direct contact with the merits of Christ's Passion through the sacrament of matrimony, partakes also of the virtue of His Cross by obedience to the great principle of Christian morality. The Cross is the indelible mark of all genuine holiness, the authentic stamp placed upon the virtues commanded or recommended by Christ Himself. It was while prophesying His own Death that He enunciated the fundamental precept and counsel of Christian morality, "Deny thyself." This is sometimes taken to be a matter of coun-

THE † SIGN

sel, but the circumstances under which they were spoken leave no doubt as to their meaning or the extent to which they are to be applied. St. Luke records accurately both the circumstances and the words. "And there went great multitudes with Him. And turning, He said to them: 'If any man come to Me and hate not his father and mother and wife and children and brethren and sisters, yea and his own life also, he cannot be My disciple.' 'And whosoever doth not carry his cross and come after Me, cannot be My disciple . . . So every one of you that doth not renounce all that he possesseth, cannot be My disciple.'" The emphasis on these words is somewhat startling. They seem to imply that baptism, confirmation, or the other sacraments would be of no avail if they were not joined to self-denial, the predominant motive of His own life and death.

HERE CAN be no doubt that the married need to practise this precept if they wish to be both happy and holy. God Himself has attached penalties and pains to this state as a consequence of the sin of the first married couple. The Cross alone can inspire the courage to hear them, and Jesus Crucified alone can give the grace of self-denial that will enable them to comply cheerfully with its exacting duties. The crimes committed against the unity and holiness of this sacrament would not so much as be mentioned among Christian peoples, if the Passion of Christ were more frequently thought of; for the remembrance of His Sufferings would impel them to a faithful observance of self-denial. They would look upon their labors and pains in the spirit of St. Paul. "(I) now rejoice in my sufferings for you and fill up those things that are wanting to the sufferings of Christ, in my flesh, for His Body which is the Church" (Cor., 1:24). They would count it a privilege and a joy to extend to other immortal souls the knowledge and the fruits of Christ's Redemption.

St. Paul dismisses in three brief sentences all sins against the sanctity of this holy state. In his first letter to the Corinthians, he rebukes certain offenders for a sin such "as the like is not among the heathens." He then goes on to bring them to a better mind, and he reaches a climax of persuasive eloquence in these magnificent words: "*You are not your own. For you were bought with a great price. Glorify and hear God in your body*" (1 Cor., 6:19-20). No sin, to his mind, is possible among Christian married couples, when they realize that they belong to Him, Who paid for their redemption the infinite price of His own

sufferings and death.

The same saint points out in beautiful and inspired words the means of preserving the unity of this state as it was established by God from the beginning: "Husbands, love your wives, as Christ also loved the Church and delivered Himself up for it; that He might sanctify it, cleansing by the laver of water in the word of life: that He might present it to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish" (Eph., 5:25-27). No higher ideal could be proposed to the married than that contained in these sublime and inspired words. Even as Christ labored and suffered for His Church, so husband and wife should labor and suffer for and with each other. Thus would discord, suspicion, quarrels and sin be banished from that state so closely related to and symbolized by the love of Christ for His Church—a love that involved the most painful sufferings and the severest sacrifices to insure its holiness and unity.

Uttermost Being

There is something which is truest, something best, something noblest, and consequently, something which is uttermost being.—ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

By ARMEL O'CONNOR

Is there a God? How shall I doubt!
Creation doth "Creator!" shout.

Rivers a-gleam and hills aglow,
And mountain summits white with snow,
And music: well do these declare
Love's Presence, blessing everywhere.

How is a meadow, in the spring,
Urged unto such a blossoming?
Why has a drop of dew, at heart,
Something unseen, that yet can start

A thought that carries me afar,
To depths beyond the furthest star?

I have found God, come near to Christ,
In fair things man has sacrificed,

In failing heart, and eyes grown dim,
In rich and poor that know not Him.

I have seen Beauty, through, behind,
The working of an ugly mind;

And known a sinner's tears reflect
The Light and Life of the elect.

The Crown of Thorns

One of the Principal Relics of Christ's Sacred Passion

"**H**ART THOU a king?" demanded the Roman Governor, Pontius Pilate, of Jesus Christ, the God-Man.

"Thou hast said it," replied Jesus. "I am a king."

Then, from the stable-litter in the courtyard, His subjects borrowed a handful of rushes with which they fashioned a diadem. They tore off branches from the thorny faggots destined for their bivouac fire, planted the extremities in the circle of rushes and interlaced them to form a sort of tiara, and then beat them down with a heavy stick on the head of the Divine Victim.

Such was the origin of Our Savior's crown of thorns.

That He wore it during the crucifixion is the opinion of Origen, the celebrated doctor of the Church, who lived in the second century.

It was probably detached soon after death by the tender fingers of the Blessed Virgin, and after the Assumption would be carefully treasured by the Christians of Jerusalem.

In 409, St. Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, describes its existence as a fact known to everyone; in the sixth century, St. Gregory of Tours mentions it in his history; towards the year 800, the Patriarch of Jerusalem sent some of the thorns to Charlemagne, with a nail and a portion of the True Cross. Charles the Bald, King of France and Emperor of Germany, sent these relics to the Abbey of St. Denis in the ninth century, as is seen from a twelfth century inscription on his tomb.

In the eleventh century, at the time of the first Crusade, Alexis, Emperor of Constantinople, wrote to Robert, Count of Flanders, that a number of celebrated relics were in the city, and in the list he gives we find the Crown of Thorns.

But a portion of the sacred relic was at the same time in the church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem.

In the history of Justinian, Emperor of the East in 527, we find that he sent some of the thorns of the Holy Crown to St. Germain, Bishop of Paris, who placed them with great veneration in the church of the Holy Cross.

About the year 800, Charlemagne also received some of the thorns from Constantine, Emperor

of Constantinople. We give this translation of the incident from an ancient document:

"Returning from Jerusalem, the said Charlemagne passed by Constantinople, and the said Emperor Constantine offered him great presents and treasures of gold, silver and precious stones. But the said Charlemagne, who had undertaken the said voyage in honor of Our Lord Jesus Christ, did not wish to have any temporal reward for his toil and labor, and would accept none of them, but he asked the said Emperor for some relics of the Passion of Jesus Christ and of the saints.

"On account of which the said Emperor of Constantinople gave him one of the Nails with which Our Lord Jesus Christ was crucified, some thorns from His Crown, and a large portion of the wood of the True Cross."

The nail here alluded to was a model of one of the true Nails, of which it contained a portion.

In 1237, Baudouin, the last Latin Emperor of Constantinople, waging a protracted war against the Bulgarians, went to France to visit St. Louis and beg his financial assistance, as he had already done on several occasions. He avowed that, owing to the depleted condition of his treasury, he was in the cruel necessity of pledging the Holy Crown of Thorns for a very large sum of money, but, seeing the painful impression produced by this intelligence on the saint, whom he tenderly loved, he offered him the sacred relic, without any recompense in return, as a sign of his affection and gratitude.

THE GIFT was gladly accepted, and Louis immediately dispatched to the Bosphorus two Dominicans, James and Andrew, to take possession of the precious relic. On their arrival, they found that the Ministers of State had already engaged it to the Venetians for a very large amount, and that it had been taken from the Imperial Palace and placed in the church of the Venetians at Constantinople, ready to be transported to Venice, and actually in the possession of merchants, who had already received its price from that city. The Dominicans promptly entered into negotiations with the merchants and the ministers of Baudouin, and it was agreed that the Crown of Thorns should be given into

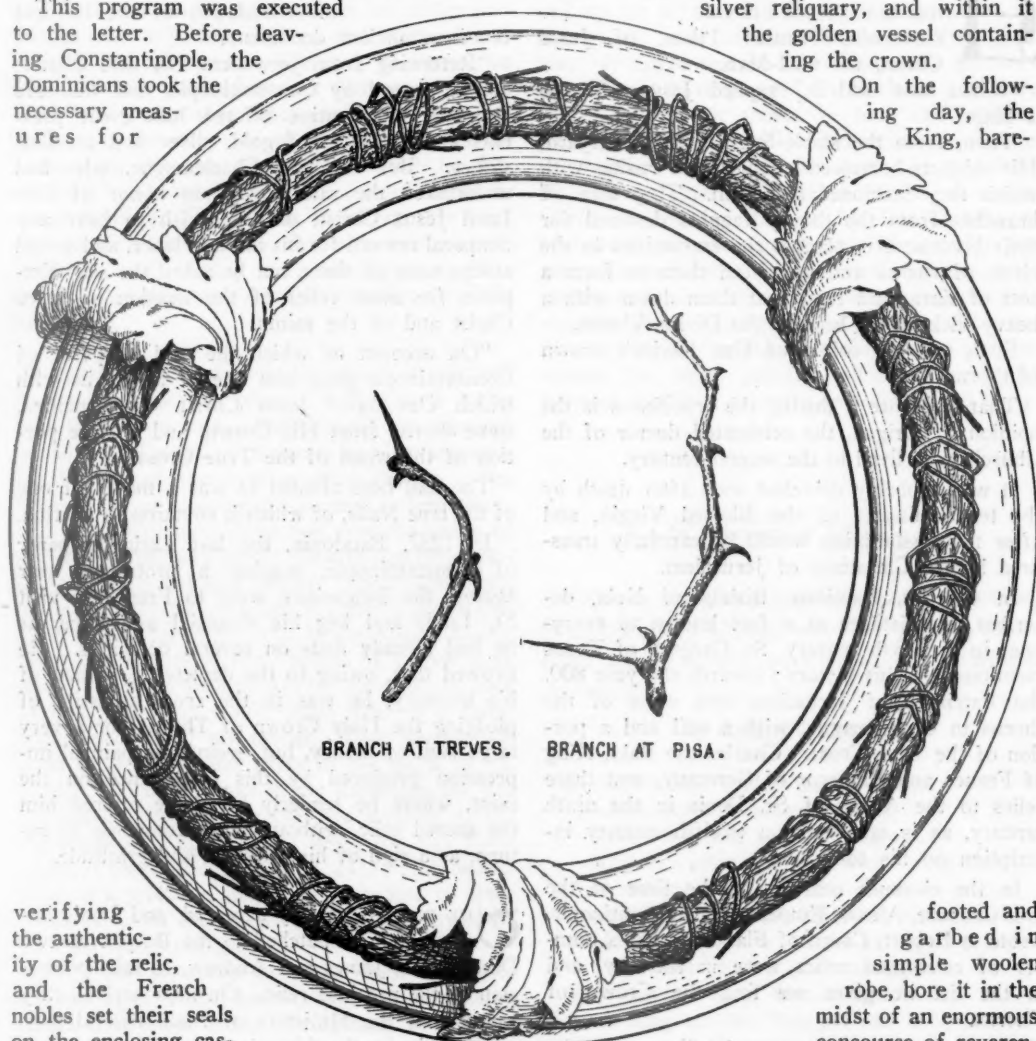
THE † SIGN

the hands of the two envoys of St. Louis, who would carry it to Venice, accompanied by ambassadors and the principal citizens, and on their arrival pay to the Venetians the stipulated amount, and then undertake to convey the precious deposit to the court of King Louis.

This program was executed to the letter. Before leaving Constantinople, the Dominicans took the necessary measures for

in Champagne, he went forth to meet them, accompanied by the Queen, Blanche of Castile, his brothers, and a retinue of bishops and nobles. On the tenth of August, 1239, the cedar casket was opened in his presence at Sens, the seals of the nobles being verified, and then was seen the silver reliquary, and within it the golden vessel containing the crown.

On the following day, the King, bare-



verifying the authenticity of the relic, and the French nobles set their seals on the enclosing casket of cedar.

About Christmas in 1238 they arrived at Venice, and the Holy Crown was deposited in the church of St. Mark.

THE CROWN OF THORNS AT NOTRE DAME, PARIS.
(From a drawing by F. Lamy.)

KING LOUIS was delighted at the result of the negotiations, and when he heard that the monks, with their precious treasure, had arrived

footed and garbed in simple woolen robe, bore it in the midst of an enormous concourse of reverential spectators to the metropolitan church. Eight days later, with

the same marks of humility and respect, he carried it through the streets of Paris, where, after being exposed to the veneration of the people, it was placed in the chapel of the palace, until the pious monarch could erect a reliquary worthy of such a treasure—La Sainte

THE † SIGN

Chapelle, that architectural jewel so much admired at the present day in the city by the Seine.

These details we have gathered from an account of the translation of the relic written by Archbishop Cornu of Sens at the order of St. Louis.

A few years afterwards, the king having received from the Emperor Baudouin a considerable portion of the True Cross and other relics, constructed on the site of the ancient chapel of the palace the church which we see today; this edifice, begun about 1241 and finished in 1248, cost the pious monarch about forty thousand pounds, corresponding to about eight hundred thousand pounds of nineteenth century money.

ABOUT the same time, by a singular coincidence, the inhabitants of Pisa consecrated a reliquary of the same kind to another portion of the Crown of Thorns, and the Santa Maria della Spina of Pisa, like La Sainte Chapelle of Paris, is a marvel of architecture.

Pisa received its relic from its Crusaders in the thirteenth century. It was a branch of the sacred thorns, and was enclosed in a metal case, admirable in material and workmanship. In 1824 it was enclosed in another reliquary of gilt bronze. The branch is 80 millimetres in length, and formerly bore six thorns, three of which are now missing. One of the thorns is long and straight, and the others are short and curved. Their color is a brilliant dark brown; on one side of the stem are light green spots; on the other, a crack in the wood allows its light brown fibers to be seen. The principal thorn is 20 millimetres in length.

In 960, the Emperor Otho of Germany pre-

sented a thorn from the relics in his possession to Athelstan, King of England, who placed it in the church of Malmesbury.

At Treves is a small branch, a present from St. Helena. In the palace at Munich is a branch with five spines, and there are several thorns at Cologne.

Venice possesses a branch with five thorns, and another thorn is in the church of the Holy Cross of Jerusalem at Rome, and two thorns are at Bologna.

Toledo, Tarraga and Valence in Spain have each a thorn.

In France, Blois, Arras and Sees have thorns, and those in the church of St. Eustache at Paris were taken from the Crown in La Sainte Chapelle, as were those in seven churches in Paris.

In Belgium, in the church of St. Michael, at Gand, is a thorn which once belonged to Mary Stuart. The reliquary is of rock crystal cut into the form of a cross, and the lower part, mounted in gold, bears an inscription which reveals to us a part of its history.

IN THE sixteenth century the thorn was in the possession of the royal family of Scotland. When the unfortunate Mary Stuart mounted the scaffold in 1587, she presented the Holy

Thorn, which her ancestors had received from St. Louis, to the Earl of Northumberland, who gave it before his death to his daughter, Elizabeth. She presented it to the Company of Jesus, who placed it in the precious reliquary where it is to be seen today. Later on, the Provincial of the Jesuits at London sent this treasure to Flanders to be preserved there until it was reclaimed. In 1763, after the suppression of the Jesuits in French Flanders, it was



ST. LOUIS AND THE HOLY CROWN.

THE † SIGN

carried to Gand. There the Father Rector entrusted it to Gerard van Eersel, sixteenth bishop of Gand, who was allowed to retain it by paying to the State the intrinsic value of the reliquary.

On the death of this prelate, in 1778, it passed into the possession of the Vicar-General, who offered it, in 1818, to the parish church of St. Michael.

As far as I have been able to ascertain, there are only three of the Holy Thorns in England. These belonged to the Abbey of Glastonbury before the dissolution of the monasteries, and are now in the Convent of Stanbrook, in Worcestershire.

FROM 1248 until the Revolution, the Crown of Thorns was preserved with other relics of the Passion in La Sainte Chapelle, at Paris, and even the occupation of the city by the English did not prevent its public veneration.

Until 1656 the keys of the reliquary were kept by the king himself or by a noble delegated for that office, who could not lend them without the royal permission.

The reliquary of Notre Dame recalls the memorable history of the relic with which St. Louis had enriched the eldest daughter of the Church.

On one side can be read: "The Holy Crown of Our Lord Jesus Christ, acquired by Baudouin, at the taking of Constantinople in 1204, pledged to the Venetians in 1238, was received with great piety by St. Louis at Villeneuve, near Sens, the tenth August, 1239."

On the next: "Transferred from La Sainte Chapelle to the Abbey of St. Denis, in France,

by order of Louis XVI in 1791, brought back to Paris in 1793, despoiled at the Mint and carried to the National Library in 1794, finally given back to the church of Notre Dame on the twenty-sixth of October, 1804, by order of the government."

On the third side: "Recognized, the fifteenth of October, 1805, by the Reverend P. Dienzi and the Reverend C. Warenflot, Vicar General of Cautances, who had been appointed in 1791 to

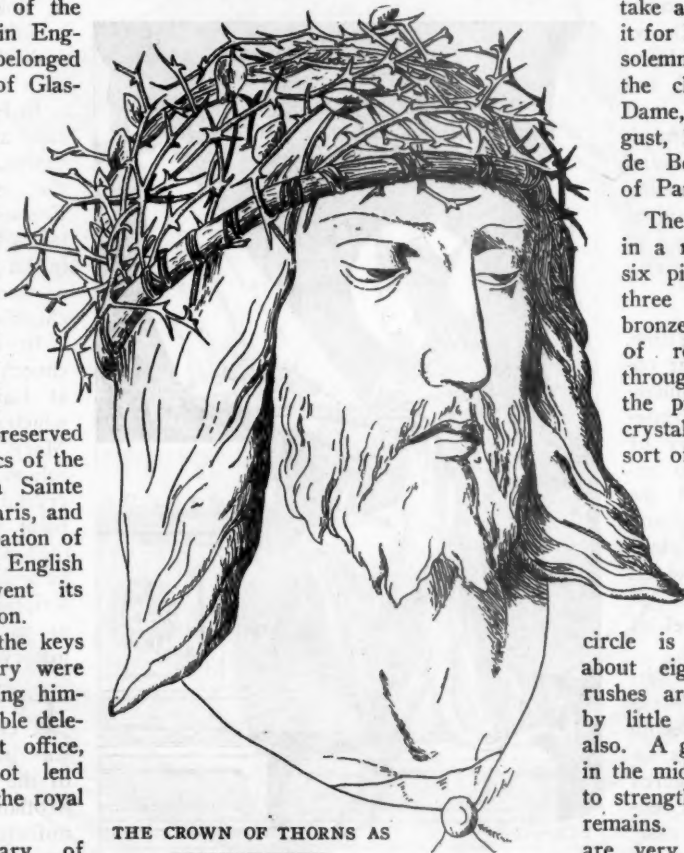
take a small portion of it for Port-Royal, it was solemnly transferred to the church of Notre-Dame, the tenth of August, 1806, by Cardinal de Belloy, Archbishop of Paris."

The Crown is enclosed in a ring of crystal in six pieces, fastened by three clasps in gilt bronze and by threads of red silk passing through holes pierced in the projecting rims of crystal, and forming a sort of seam to hold the seals. It is composed of a circle of little rushes united in bundles.

The interior diameter of the circle is 210 millimetres, about eight inches. The rushes are bound together by little bands of rushes also. A golden thread runs in the midst of these bands, to strengthen these precious remains. The rushes, which are very slender, vary in thickness from a millimetre

to a millimetre and a half, and the circle is 15 millimetres in cross section, about three-fifths of an inch. Some of the rushes are bent and show that they are hollow; their surface is furrowed by little ribs, as is seen with a magnifying glass.

ON REGARDING the relic for the first time, it seems improbable that a band of rushes could have anything to do with the Holy Crown of Thorns, and one might be tempted to doubt its authenticity in spite of the historical proofs. But this apparent improbability disappears on



THE CROWN OF THORNS AS
RECONSTRUCTED.

THE † SIGN

closer examination. If anyone had tried to counterfeit the Redeemer's Crown of Thorns he would not have made a crown of rushes completely devoid of thorns, but would have realized the natural conception of such an instrument of torture.

WHAT WAS the nature of the plant of which the Crown was made? The Botanical Gardens of Paris cultivate a rush called *juncus balticus*, a native of warm climates, which resembles exactly the relic of Notre Dame. As for the thorns, according to the careful examination made at Pisa by Professor Savi, they are a kind of *rhamnus*, the generic name of three plants which perfectly resemble the specimen at Pisa. Of these three plants, the best known are the *sizyphus vulgaris* and the *sizyphus spina Christi*. The latter has the longer spines, about four-fifths of an inch.

We may now study the form of the Crown of

Thorns. The circle of rushes was a frame or support such as is used today by the makers of funeral crowns. For them, this support is destined to unite and fix the flowers; for the soldiers it was a means of uniting and fixing the branches of thorns. The branches of the *sizyphus spina Christi* broken or bent towards the middle in the form of a bonnet or tiara (*pileus*) were fixed by each of their extremities inside and outside the circle or ring of rushes.

The ring had to be wider than the head in order to fit it, in spite of the narrowing caused by the introduction of the branches; and we find indeed that the crown of Notre Dame, placed on the head, would fall on to the shoulders. No additional bands were necessary to fix the branches on the circle of rushes; the passing of the branches above and below alternately was sufficient to maintain them in place. It was this operation which the Gospel narrative has described as plaiting.

Faith and Creed

Both are Necessary to Avoid Moral Anarchy

“IF MEN and women treat each other with scrupulous justice and good will they are fulfilling a duty to society, and no one need ask: ‘What is your creed?’” In this motto, a metropolitan daily sums up the whole substance of the modern indifference to religious beliefs. But whence comes the unflinching courage to do one's duty toward God and one's neighbor, save from a Divine Faith and through the creed which is its natural outward expression?

The established classical definition of Divine Faith is well known to us: “A virtue infused by God into our souls, by which we believe firmly, without doubting, all those truths which God has revealed and proposes through His Church to our belief.” And human faith will be sound and reliable only insofar as it partakes of the nature of Divine Faith, and is established upon it and rooted in it.

Divine Faith, to be true faith, must have certain qualities; it must be supernatural, active, simple and universal; and especially it must be firm, for it is founded upon the word of God,

By ANTHONY M. BENEDICK, D.D. Who can neither deceive nor be deceived, and upon the infallible teaching authority of the Church, which is guaranteed by the fact that the Holy Ghost, God's Spirit of light and truth, remains with it forever.

And from its very beginning, the Catholic Church has been firm in the faith committed to its care by its Divine Founder. It is true that many doctrines are contained in the deposit of faith which were not explicitly defined from the beginning, but they were always there. Whenever any particular exigency, such as the incredulity or waywardness of certain ages, demands it, explicit declaration is added to the ancient belief in order to safeguard points of Faith.

AND A CREED is nothing else but the definite proposition of our Faith in terms certain and unmistakable, that all may know clearly just where we stand and what we profess. Every true science must have its principles, definite and unchangeable, from whence alone progress is possible; and it is all the more necessary that

THE † SIGN

Divine Faith should have its creed, the foundation whereon alone we can build a spiritual superstructure.

BUT WHERE in the sects can we find such stability of doctrine, and to what else can their instability be attributed but to the fact that they are built, not upon the strong rock of divinely revealed truth, but upon the shifting sands of human opinion? They change their belief to suit the circumstances of the time, as though man and his relation to his Maker were not the same now as they were in the beginning and have been down through all the centuries of the world's existence. Evolution in faith is their fetish; believing in a continual progress of the human race, they declare that faith also must change to keep pace with that progress.

And the result of it all is that the creature is put in the place of the Creator, that we find human brotherhood and fraternal service urged as the highest ideal in place of service to God, the natural in place of the supernatural. The highest degree of Christian perfection, which consists, according to Loyola, "in suffering shame and dishonor and even death for the love of God," a reverend writer in *The Atlantic Monthly* finds to be, "heroic, but not common sense. The whole drift and tendency of the race is and always has been towards life, towards livingness, towards health, wealth and happiness." We may not appear foolish in the eyes of the world that we may be found to possess wisdom in the sight of God, for that is not common sense.

The result of it all is summed up by Prof. Walter B. Pitkin of Columbia University, in an article in the *Century Magazine* entitled, "Our Moral Anarchy." He finds that a group of five hundred selected individuals rate the social commandments far higher than they do the religious. "Define sin," suggests Glenn Frank, "as anything that hurts life rather than as something that offends God."

Certainly the love of our fellow man and all that goes with it—charity, justice, fair play, kindness, good citizenship and mutual service—were commanded by our Lord, but only as a corollary to and dependent upon our serving of God, the soul's highest interest. He said: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind. This is the greatest and the first commandment. And the second is like to this: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

From Christ's own words it clearly appears that the world, in putting the welfare of man

before the service of God, must find itself in a topsy-turvy state, and by the same token the ideal of human brotherhood is impossible of accomplishment, for only through the loving of God and serving Him rightly can we discover the motive for the true love of mankind.

Must we necessarily take the cause of the religious unrest so widely diffused throughout this and other countries to be an honest one, to result from a genuine dissatisfaction of mankind with the old forms of religion? May it not rather be that man has failed in a great many instances to live up to the obligations and duties pointed out to him through the revelation of God and through His appointed infallible teaching agent, the Church, and that, therefore, the unrest within him is reducible to a disturbance of conscience, which is tantamount to a realization of sin?

Take, for a notable example, the matter of the sanctity of marriage. The teachings of Faith, through Divine revelation and the tradition and sometimes hard experience of the ages, on the inviolability of the marriage vow is clear. Conjugal love should enable a man and his wife to cling together through all troubles and misfortunes; if it is a true love, it will enable them to weather all storms from without and from within. But illicit passion has tended to make that inviolability seem too hard, and, as a result, we have the divorce evil present to such an extent in this our day that it threatens the very existence of the family. Are we, then, to change the teaching on the firmness and stability of marriage to satisfy the lust of man?

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH, it is clear, will not change. She will ever remain fast in the ancient Faith, expressed in the creed which guides our actions. For just as the traveller, entering upon a journey over a country which is unknown to him, needs the guidance of reliable maps and sign-posts to direct him safely to his destination, so man, entering upon this wonderful adventure of life, needs a reliable guide, and what guide will serve him better than God's word?

The end for which man was placed upon earth is the same today as it was six thousand years ago, and man's nature, though it may have acquired some veneer of apparent civilization, culture, or whatnot, remains essentially unchanged. And therefore the norm of human conduct depends today, as it always has and always will, upon God and the manifestation of God's will to man through revelation and upon our Faith in the truth and trustworthiness of that revelation.

The Poetry of Symbolism

By GEORGE BINGHAM

THE DULLNESS of modern life mostly consists in the drab obviousness of everything around us. Hum-drum is a terrible word, and people who get into ruts lose sight of sky and stars and become narrow-minded. Today, competition for livelihood and the necessity to specialize, reduces men's interests and inclines towards drab uniformity, and, consequently, our everyday world is generally uninteresting.

In strange contrast, in delightful and refreshing contrast, comes the old, old Church with her ancient ceremonies, her rigid laws, her mysteries, liturgy, ritual, discipline and beautiful symbolism. Until comparatively recent years Catholicism was so dreaded by non-Catholics that eyes were closed to her symbolism and ears were closed to her songs as to her teaching. Today, however, this has changed or is changing rapidly. The world stood to gaze in wonder at the Rome of the Holy Year; the world was thrilled by the magnificence of the Eucharistic Congress at Chicago and marvelled to see the pathways of the earth leading multitudes of pilgrims thither to ratify their faith in a mystery.

Symbolism attracts and inspires inquiry, and the Mass itself is one great symbolic poem surrounding the Mysteries. People who get tired of the ultra-materialism of the world will find the study of Church symbolism very absorbing. Apart even from the Mass, almost everything in Catholic life and practice is symbolic, from the Sign of the Cross to the Burial Service. Who with a germ of poetry in his soul can fail to be thrilled at Benediction, that little act of faith in the Prisoner of the Tabernacle? Here we have the symbols of lighted candles and swinging thurible, the little bright-robed court gathered around the throne, and, behind, the faithful gathering of His liege subjects bowing to receive the blessing of their King. What ceremony so magnificently royal as High Mass?

Out from Rome, and radiating over lands and seas, go the men, the priests and monks and friars who every day stand before the altar, at the moment of Transubstantiation, as representatives and symbols of Christ at the Last Supper. Many of these men belong to Orders, and live according to the strict ancient rules of their various founders. The habit of the religious order is the most truly poetic dress in

the world because it is the symbol of a life given up to the most poetic and unworldly idealism.

The mourning and draping of statuary in Lent is a beautiful symbol of the Church treading the Calvary path again with the Man of Sorrows. Then come the symbols connected with the beautiful offices of Holy Week; the Mass of the Pre-Sanctified; the empty tabernacle and then the glorious significance of the Easter Candle burning triumphantly on Easter Morn.

From the beginning symbolism was wedded to the observance and practice of religion. The Law of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob and Moses was interwoven with symbols, and many of these were carried forward into the New Law. Down through all the centuries, past "reformations" and the rise and fall of empires, they came, into the humblest Catholic chapel as to Rome's most majestic basilicas. The symbolic sacrifice of Melchisedech, in the days when the earth was young, was but a foreshadowing of the Mass.

AS KIN to symbolism are the parables of the New Testament and the psalms and canticles of the Old. The Church liturgy, that treasure-house of wisdom garnered from every fruitful garden of religious thought, is full of every tint of light and shade reflecting, like a magic tapestry, every emotion, fear and hope of man.

In the liturgy every day simple things are used as symbols of the theme in the supplicant's mind. Picture the desolation that inspired the Psalmist to sing: "I am become like a pelican in the wilderness; I am like a night raven in the house; I have become like a sparrow, all alone on the housetop," and through the ages these same psalms have been the prayers of the Catholic penitent. Likewise, in joy we have the *Magnificat*, the *Te Deum* and numerous canticles breathing the very soul of jubilation.

Sometimes we still see the Sign of the Fish and the monogram PX in Catholic pictures, reminding us of the early Christians who were forced to write even the Name of Jesus in symbols.

Today, while most of our waking hours must be spent in the race for bread; while a multitude of ideals and goals are held up to tempt the toiler, it is refreshing to delve again into the Church's treasury of parable and song and explore her immense wealth of poetic symbolism.

OUR JUNIOR READERS



Detectives for a Night

By JOAN LEE

BOBBIE came into the house, threw his hat on a chair, his coat on the floor, and began taking off his shoes. Mrs. McConlogue entered the room.

"Young man," she asked, "is that where you were taught to put your clothes?"

"Oh, mom," answered Bobbie, "I'm in an awful hurry, and can't take the time now."

"Bobbie, once more I ask you where your things belong?" said Mrs. McConlogue firmly.

"Heck," sputtered Bobbie. Satisfied with this expression of feeling, he picked up his hat and coat and hung them on the hall rack. Then he applied himself with renewed vigor to the task of taking off his shoes.

Mrs. McConlogue knew if she asked Bobbie what was up, wild horses couldn't drag it out of him. If she appeared indifferent, he would have to tell her. He couldn't keep it to himself.

"What do you think we're going to do tomorrow, mom?" asked Bobbie, after a silence.

"Why, I'm sure I don't know, Bobbie."

"Mr. Baker, the Scoutmaster, is going to take us boys on a hike to Laneville early in the morning. We're to take our lunch, stay all day, and have lots of fun. Could I wear my new sport shoes, mom? I want to try them on now."

"Yes, you may wear the new shoes," replied Mrs. McConlogue.

Saturday dawned bright and clear, and it was a happy group of boys who took the long hike to Laneville. Some hours of tramping brought the hikers to their destination. After a good rest, the games started, and Bobbie and Eddie Fox were fortunate in winning the three-legged race. As dusk began to fall, the Scoutmaster told the boys to get ready for home. "Hurry, now," he urged. "We're late as it is, and I don't want your people worrying if we don't show up on schedule."

Bobbie and Eddie Fox were getting their things

ready, when all of a sudden Bobbie said to Eddie: "Ed, I want to stay at Laneville tonight with my Uncle Tom. Won't you stay, too? He's got some swell boxing-gloves and all sorts of things. Come on, be a good sport."

"But how'll our mothers know," objected Eddie.

"I'll phone home when I reach Uncle Tom's."

"All right, I'm game," agreed Eddie. "Have you asked Mr. Baker?"

Bobbie told the Scoutmaster his plan. Mr. Baker reluctantly gave his permission, and handed Bobbie enough money to pay both boys' fare home in case anything should happen.

Bobbie and Eddie enjoyed themselves for a while walking about the town. As it grew dark they turned towards Uncle Tom's home, and found it dark. Going up on the porch, they rang the bell. No answer. They rang again, and tried the door, but it was locked.

"What are we going to do?" asked Eddie.

"Oh, well, we can ride home," answered Bobbie. "We'd better go to the station and see about a train. If one comes soon, we'll beat the others home."

As they neared the station, Bobbie put his hand in his pocket to get the money for the tickets, but he drew it out with such a blank expression on his face that Eddie asked, in alarm: "What's the matter, Bob?"

"The money's gone," Bobbie answered.

"How could it be gone?" asked Eddie impatiently.

Bobbie pulled his pocket inside out and showed Eddie a tell-tale hole big enough for the money to drop through.

"Well, there's only one thing we can do and that is, walk home. And we'll have to go some. My mother will have a fit; so will yours."

They started off in the darkness. Bobbie suggested: "Let's cut through Hill Road and shorten our trip."

SOON THE boys were trudging along Hill Road, which was thickly wooded on both sides, with a sharp embankment on the left. It was so dark

THE † SIGN

now that the boys felt rather uneasy. They started at unusual sounds, fearful that something might jump out of the blackness at them. When they saw the light of an automobile coming in the distance, they decided to hide in the bushes until it passed. But the automobile slowed down and stopped almost directly opposite to where they were hidden.

TWO MEN stealthily jumped out of the machine and looked down the bank. Returning, one of them said: "This is a good place." They then reached into the machine and carried out a long object. They went slowly over to the embankment, and the boys could hear them going down the side.

"Ed," whispered Bobbie excitedly, "I'll bet there is something wrong about this. Stay here, and I'll get their license number."

Bob crept out to the machine, turned his flashlight on the license plate and got the number, which he wrote down. He had hardly got back before the men appeared and hurried into the machine. They were off.

Bobbie and Eddie waited until all sounds had died away, and then they both ran over to the bank and saw a long, white object on the hillside quite some ways below. They scrambled down.

"Maybe they're burglars, and this is the stuff they stole," said Eddie. "We might get a reward for bringing it back."

They had reached the spot and turned on their flashlights, unwrapped the covering and turned the package around, only to fall back in frozen terror. Every bit of blood seemed to drain out of Bobbie's body, and his hair stood on end. Desperately gathering courage, he turned to say something to Eddie, only to find his pal crumpled on the ground in a dead faint. This took Bob's mind off the horror of his find, and he got water from his canteen to give Eddie, who came back to consciousness, moaning.

"Keep still," commanded Bobbie. "Suppose they hear you and come back. They might murder us, too."

Well might he say it, for the bundle contained the body of a young girl who had probably been murdered. Her face was horribly set, and she appeared to have died while almost insane with fear.

The boys scrambled back up the bank and ran to the next town. Arriving there, they rushed breathless into the police station and told what they had seen.

"Do you think the kids are spoofing us?"

asked one of the officers to another.

Bobbie looked at him indignantly. "We're Boy Scouts," he corrected with scorn, "not kids." And then he gave them the license number of the car. The officer became alert at once, for this showed they were telling the truth. While the first officer was giving phone orders about the speeding machine, two other officers got in an automobile with the two boys and told them to direct them to the hiding place. They did so, and all four went down the bank together. The gruesome package was still there.

"Holy smoke!" shouted the first officer, after one glance at the face of the girl. "This is a find! Do you know who it is?"

"No, can't say I do," returned the other.

"Why, that's Judge Fallows' daughter. She disappeared three days ago, and her father is frantic. He feared crooked work, and he was right. The police are searching all over for her. They say the mother is nearly insane, and her life is almost despaired of."

"Well," turning to Bobbie and Eddie, "you boys are sure cut out for detectives. Run back to the machine."

The boys did as they were told, glancing fearfully at the least sound. The officers soon joined them, carrying the bundle. They quickly drove back to the station-house and created a mild panic when the news was told.

In the meanwhile, Mrs. McConlogue was very much worried when the other Boy Scouts had returned without Bobbie and Eddie. She was told about their staying with Uncle Tom, and informed that Bobbie would phone her. As time went on he did not call, she got Mrs. Fox on the wire to find out if she had any word. Mrs. Fox, too, was very much upset, and had heard nothing. She then phoned Uncle Tom, and was more worried when central replied: "No answer."

"Don't be fretting," calmed Mr. McConlogue. "Probably Uncle Tom took them out driving, and they forgot to phone us before they went." Although he spoke cheerfully to his wife, he really wasn't so easy in his own mind.

Just then an automobile drove up, and who should be in it but Uncle Tom and Aunt Millie! Mrs. McConlogue said laughingly: "Where are Bobbie and Eddie, hiding under the seat?"

"Bobbie and Eddie!" answered Uncle Tom in astonishment. "We didn't see anything of them. What made you think we did?"

AT THIS, Mrs. McConlogue began to sob, and Bobbie's father had to quiet her before he could explain to Uncle Tom.

THE † SIGN

"That is too bad," mused Uncle Tom. "Of course, it had to be our luck to be out when they came."

MR. MCCONLOGUE and Uncle Tom drove to the police station. As they reached the doorway, the Chief of Police got up and grasped Mr. McConlogue by the hand.

"A great boy you've got—great boy! We're all proud of him and Eddie Fox. Grown men couldn't have done better!"

He was interrupted by Mr. McConlogue. "What's this all about? Here I come to notify you that my boy and Eddie are missing, and this is what I hear. What did they do? Where are they?"

"One at a time; one at a time," soothed the Chief. "Your boy and Eddie are on the way home, and ought to be here any minute now. They found Judge Fallows' murdered daughter and showed the police the spot where she lay. Not only that, but they got the number of the murderers' car, and we were able to head them off. They're being held now. Yes, those boys did it. Is that them now?"

It proved to be the officers with the boys, and it was a happy meeting between Bobbie and his father. Eddie and Bobbie were driven home by Uncle Tom. As they came into the yard, Mrs. McConlogue clasped Bobbie in her arms. When she heard what had befallen the boys, she was almost overcome. "Just think," she said, "if those murderers had come back they might have shot Bobbie and Eddie."

"Well, they didn't," replied Bobbie's father, "and that's all we care about now. We'll take Eddie right home now, before his mother is any more worried."

The next day, although it was Sunday, Judge Fallows came down to the house where the boys were playing and handed each one a check for \$500. Their eyes bulged out with excitement, and they could hardly believe it was real. The Judge told them his mind was so relieved to find out what had really happened, bad as it was, that he had come to show the boys how he felt.

"You know," he said to Mr. McConlogue, "my wife was desperately ill through worrying over my daughter's fate, but now that she knows Alice is dead and not suffering or being tortured, she is improving. It is a dreadful shock, but her mind is now at rest."

Judge Fallows then told Mr. McConlogue what happened to his daughter, as confessed by the murderers. The day on which she disappeared, Alice was walking along the street, when an auto-

mobile drew up to the curb and a young man inside, politely lifting his hat, asked a question about a street. She was about to reply, when she was forced into the machine, her cries silenced, and the car speeded away. There were two men in the car, and they told her they were friends of a criminal who was to come up for sentence tomorrow before her father. They said she was to be held captive, but would be allowed to send a message to her father, pleading that he give the criminal a slight sentence. She was to tell Judge Fallows that if he didn't do so, her life would be the penalty. Alice steadily refused, and managed to scream. Angered, one of the men drew a gun and fatally shot her. The frightened men fled to a deserted house, where they had been in hiding ever since until they came out tonight to dispose of the body.

Bobbie and Eddie, in the meantime, were still marveling over their gift.

"Now we can go camping," said Eddie.

"Yes, and maybe we'll be able to go to college, too," added Bobbie. "We sure are lucky, and it's a mighty good thing I lost the carfare."

A few days later, Bobbie came to his father and asked him if he might have some of the money.

"What do you want it for?" asked his father.

"Friday is mom's birthday, and I'd love to give her something nice. Couldn't I get her a fine wrist watch?"

"Certainly," answered Mr. McConlogue, heartily. "I am very glad my boy thinks so much of his mother."

ON FRIDAY morning, Mrs. McConlogue found a mysterious package on her plate, and when she opened it, happy tears filled her eyes. "How beautiful!" she exclaimed. "Just what I've wanted for so long, but didn't expect to get. Thank you so much, Bobbie."

"Gosh," squirmed Bobbie, very much embarrassed. "That's not much. Wait till I'm rich and I'll get you a gold washing machine."

Daddy Sen Fu's Own

DEAR JUNIORS:

During vacation days Daddy has been busy trying to keep peace among the Bobbies. Time and time again the little fellows have come to me complaining that the Juniors have evidently forgotten all about them and about the Missions.

Of course, each time some one or other came to me with such a complaint I had to tell him

THE † SIGN

that they should not be impatient, that sooner or later there would be quite a few Bobbies traveling around these United States collecting for the Missions.

ONLY A WEEK ago, our old friend Smiles came to me with a rather sorrowful look. He had quite lost his smile. I tried to do my best to cheer him up, but I do not think I have succeeded. But, anyway, I think I will tell you this little story about Smiles and Tiny Mite.

As usual, I was saying good-night to the Bobbies before I left the office, when all of a sudden I realized that one of the Bobbies had gotten lost. I counted each one, and then decided to call the roll. Well, I called Pal, Blue Boy, Robin Hood, Ching and Charlie Chin. All answered very politely: "Present." I continued on down the list until I came to Tiny and then Smiles. Tiny answered "Present" in a very shaky and thin voice, and when I called Smiles for the second time there came no response. Then I began to worry. What on earth could have happened to Smiles?

Then I recalled how nervous Tiny seemed to be when he had answered, so I called out: "Tiny, where is Smiles?"

"Please, Daddy, I do not like to tell tales on Smiles. Daddy, you won't make me answer, will you?"

"Tiny," I said, "this is a very serious matter. Smiles has left this place without permission. He never even said a word to me so that I would know what has become of him. No good Bobby would do anything like that without telling Daddy all about it. Now, I think you better tell me all you know about it."

Then Tiny came close to me and whispered: "Daddy, I wish you would take me out somewhere so that I could tell you all I know about Smiles without all the other Bobbies hearing it. Please, Daddy."

Well, Juniors, what could I do? I had no idea how this story was going to be told, and, of course, if it was as serious as I thought it was, I certainly did not wish the other Bobbies to hear about it. So I picked Tiny up in my hands and rushed with him to my office.

I placed Tiny on a corner of the desk, told him to go ahead with his story, and warned him to tell me nothing but what he knew was the honest truth. Of course, I did not think that Tiny would tell a lie. But I did not wish him to form his own opinions and then tell me what he thought. I wanted to know about the facts of the case.

So Tiny promised to do as I told him, and with a little laugh he said to me: "Oh, Daddy, you will be pleased. Smiles was not bad. Daddy, you know Smiles is the best of the Bobbies."

"Yesterday, Daddy, while you were speaking to your friends from Pittsburgh, a gentleman and a young man who looked like his son came into your office. Don't you remember, Daddy, that you were busy downstairs for a while? Well, it was just at that time."

I did remember the time very well. I recalled, also, that while I was with my friends a gentleman had called to see me, but could not wait until I returned to my office. Anyway, let us hear more of the great secret.

"Tiny," I said, "what happened to Smiles?"

"Well, while you were away, the gentleman was looking around your office, when all of a sudden he saw the Bobbies. Then I heard him say to himself: 'I know what I'll do; I'll take this Bobby Mite Box, feed him up and then come back to see Daddy.' Then he picked up Smiles, and the last I saw of him he was peeping out of the man's pocket."

"Tiny Mite," I said, "why did you keep that secret to yourself? Don't you know how much I think about you fellows? I always want to know just where each Bobby is, and if I had not called the roll tonight I would not have found out what had become of Smiles."

"But Daddy," he persisted, "I heard the man say he would be back in a short time and that he would bring Smiles back again, and that he wanted to surprise you, and that he knew you would like it, and that he would be very good to Smiles and that . . ."

"Tiny, Tiny, Tiny, stop, stop, stop!"

By this time, I knew Tiny had something on his conscience. When he finally quieted down, I said to him very gently: "Tiny, please tell me the big secret? There is something wrong about this whole business. First Smiles slips away without a word of warning; next I have you trying to explain it all away. What part did you play in this affair?"

"Well, Daddy, I'll be honest. The only part I had was in keeping Professor Chubby from telling you. I did really wish you to get a pleasant surprise. I thought you would like it. That's the reason why I did not like to tell about it."

THE TELEPHONE rang, and when I answered I was told that a gentleman was outside waiting to see me. I picked up Tiny, placed him on the shelf, and prepared to see my visitor. Before I knew it, I beheld Smiles resting on my desk, and

THE † SIGN

a happy-faced friend of mine was shaking my hand.

"Just in the neighborhood," he said, "and I thought I would drop in and give you a little surprise. Been reading all about the Missionaries in China. They seem to be having a pretty hard time of it. First they were chased by soldiers and bandits and then they were starved by famine, and now they are exiled from their Missions. Is there any truth in all these reports from China? Hope your priests are safe."

"Yet, it is all true," I said. "The priests in China are certainly having a very hard time, and they need an awful lot of help from our American Catholic boys and girls. And we are having trouble over here, too," I said. "Here today I find that one of my very best Bobbies ran away, and I have been looking high and low for him."

"Which Bobby was it?"

"Why, it was one of my best Bobbies. I called him Smiles, and really this office seems dead without his Smiles."

"What could have happened to him?"

"I do not think he would run away, but you know he was such an attractive little fellow that he may have been kidnaped."

Of course, I knew that Smiles heard every word I said. But I just seemed to let on that I did not know he had returned. He was looking very sad.

My friend continued: "Do you really think that somebody would kidnap one of your Bobbies?"

"Do I think it? No, I know it. Smiles was actually kidnaped while I was away from my office."

He looked very serious for a moment, and then he burst out laughing: "I have a surprise for you, Daddy. I brought Smiles back with me! We had a wonderful time together."

The "We" sounded strangely like Lindy and the Spirit of St. Louis. I began to hope that this "We" had been as successful as Lindy's "We" had been.

MY FRIEND picked up Smiles and handed him to me. "Daddy," he said, "Smiles absolutely refused to speak to me. But I have pleaded with him to tell all about his experience, so you can tell all the Juniors about it. It is a long story, so I will not tell you about it now. I'm coming in to see you soon again, and then I'll tell you about my side of the story."

I said good-bye to my friend, and then turned to Smiles. "Smiles," I said, "are you happy?"

"Daddy, I was never happier in my life. But

I am awfully sorry I did not get a chance to say good-bye to you before I went away."

"You did not forget the Missions while you were away, did you, Smiles?"

"Oh, Daddy, I could never forget them. I wish all the Juniors knew what I know about the Missionaries. You know, Daddy, that is what makes me sad and what has taken the smile from my face. The poor priests have worked so hard to save souls for our little friend, the Infant Jesus. They have starved and suffered and worked and some have even died, and yet . . . Oh, Daddy, if you could have seen what I saw!" Then he began to weep. "Daddy," he murmured, "why is it that our American boys and girls have so much money, so many good times and never think of the poor in China? All during vacation most of the Juniors have forgotten all about us Bobbies. Won't you please ask the Juniors to work hard right now for the Missions?"

"I certainly will, Smiles, if you will make a promise to me that you will tell the Juniors about your experience."

"Alright, Daddy, I promise."

"And now, Smiles, let me see what you have brought home as a surprise."

WHEN SMILES was himself again. "Daddy," he cried, "just wait till you see." And with one of his most wonderful smiles, he gave me a hundred-dollar bill. This was the second hundred dollars that Smiles had brought home for the Missions.

Next month, Juniors, I will tell you the story Smiles told me. But before I close, I want to tell you that Tiny kept making a noise until I went over to see what it was all about. "Daddy," he whispered, "was it a pleasant surprise?"

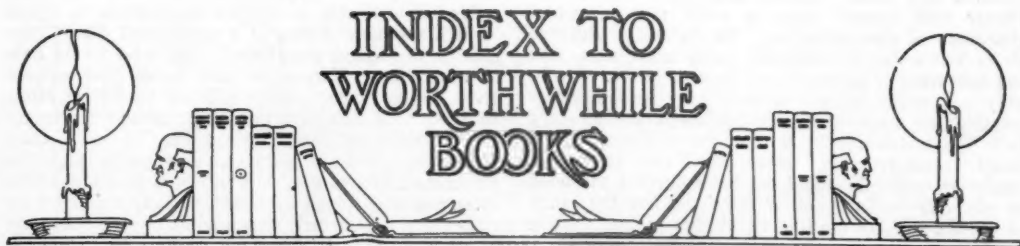
"Yes, Tiny, it was a wonderful surprise. Not only has Smiles come home again, but he has again brought home a hundred dollars for our Missions."

As I slipped the door shut, Tiny's chuckle continued to resound in the cabinet. I opened the door again, just wide enough to speak: "Tiny," I said, "are you happy?"

"Oh, yes, I'm happy, Daddy, but I really would be happier if vacation were over and the Juniors would think about us once in a while."

And so, my dear Juniors, I shall close this letter with Tiny's words: "I shall be much happier when all the Juniors return to school and begin working for the Missions." Don't forget that little prayer for the Missionaries, and also say a little prayer for your friend,

DADDY SEN FU



[ANY BOOK NOTICED HERE CAN BE PROCURED THROUGH "THE SIGN." ADD 10% OF COST TO PAY POSTAGE.]

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

By Sarah Henry Benton. Lincoln MacVeagh, The Dial Press, New York. Price: \$3.50.

A fascinatingly written book. It reads like a romance, but it is a biography. The narrative moves along rapidly, telling the outstanding facts in the life of a remarkable historic character, without burdensome detail and partisan discussions. The Conqueror's military successes, the standards by which he governed, his home life, personal traits, and his devotedness to the Catholic Church, are made to stand out in bold relief; yet his vices and crimes are not veiled enough to hide them—just enough not to provoke nausea. As so often happens in the life of great men, and of women, too, there was enough of vice and virtue in the life of William to write both a panegyric and a satire about him. The author does both; but the latter, gently. Much of the time the Conqueror was a good man and a just ruler; but frequently he was degradingly avaricious and horribly cruel. However, among the heads of governments of his day, he was not the worst. All the same, it is a veritable puzzle to reconcile the evil of his ways with what seemed to be sincere devotedness to the faith and guidance of the Church.

The author deserves thanks for not painting in lurid colors the gruesome picture of only skin-deep converts, not far removed in time from the savagery of their forbears: "The power of assimilation of the Normans is a wonderful historical fact; Normandy one of the countries where the civilization of the Middle Ages was best exemplified. Nor were the Normans less adept in spreading abroad Latin civilization, a civilization that they themselves, scarce two centuries since rude barbarian adventurers capable of tossing captive children in the air to be caught in falling on spear point, and of drinking from cups made from the skulls of their enemies, had learned with such alacrity." Page 245.

The story of the Norman conquest and settlement of England is sad evidence of how thin was the veneer of assimilated civilization. Another Nordic monstrosity which the author judiciously veils, but does not hide entirely, is the feudal union of Church and State. It is always the same nauseating story. For a time the union is helpful to both; but eventually it turns into a repetition of the fable of the wolf and the lamb. The Church, sooner or later, is forced to play the role of the lamb; but fortunately the Church is not good diet for the State. It is preposterous that men of the type of William or any of his sons should have had the appointment of

parish priests and of bishops, and otherwise control the Church. The European States of today suffer from the same mania of meddling in Church affairs. It is a heredity from medieval feudalism.

William's method of winning over the unwilling Mathilde of Flanders to be his bride "was both novel and vigorous, and not seemingly calculated to win the affection of a reluctant maiden . . . Going secretly to Bruges, where the Princess resided with her father, William waited one morning outside the church where she was attending Mass, and as Mathilde emerged from the door, William 'seized her, rolled her in the mud, overwhelmed her with blows, *lui jeta des pierres*' (threw rocks at her), and quickly remounting his horse, rode rapidly away." Mathilde was taken home after this strange declaration of love, and, 'ill and suffering though she was from the blows which she had received, she declared to her father that she would never have any other as husband than William of Normandy.' A bold and forceful lover has ever appealed strongly to the weaker sex, and perhaps Mathilde's feminine intuition was quick to discern, beneath the strange effrontery of her suitor, the masterful mind and strong personality of the young Norman Duke . . ." Page 53.

Maps of the parts of England and France covered by the biography are given on the inside of both front and back covers. This is a most acceptable accommodation to the reader.

HIS MOTHER. By Alice W. Darton. The Macmillan Co., New York. Price: \$2.25.

The sub-title is: "The Life History of Mary, the Mother of Christ." The author's aim is to present Mary Immaculate "as doing just what every good Jewish girl, woman and mother would have done under similar circumstances . . . Imagination plays its part in the narrative, but it is not allowed to exceed its proper bounds in a process of historical presentation." The plan is quite natural, and appears easier of execution than it really is. It calls for detailed information about the life-conditions of Jewesses of the Bl. Virgin's social status, which information is rather difficult to obtain. The author prepared herself well for the work. Persons who read such publications more for their spiritual value, will be much benefited by reading **HIS MOTHER**. It will be an aid to devout souls in providing the local coloring for their meditations.

The author has shown the delightful possibilities of this inferential method of writing biography, when

THE † SIGN

positive and direct historic data fail. The careful reader will always keep in mind the inferential character of the narrative. To do away with the chilly effect, hardly separable from expressions like the following—"perhaps" or "it may be" or "probably"—it would be well to state once for all, either on the title page or in the preface that the story is a "reconstruction." If there be objection to the word "reconstruction," some word like *inferential* might be used. It would not have harmed the book in any way, had the author restricted less the range of the life-story of the Blessed Mother of God. Little by little the impression grows that the author shies at the supernatural, and wishes to be understood literally when she describes her aim in writing: "It is not, however, as the beloved patroness of peasant and king, of sinner and saint, that Mary is presented in the pages that follow, but as a child, maiden, wife, mother—the woman who lived, worked, suffered, loved and persevered." There are traditions, church festivals, even carefully selected legends, etc., of as much value, to say the least, in forming estimates about Our Lady, as inferences from social conditions of Jewesses of twenty hundred years ago.

CARMEL. Compiled by Discalced Carmelites of Boston and Santa Clara. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. Price: \$3.00.

Publication of this volume during the heyday of the Little Flower is most opportune. The clients of the saint whose heaven is to do upon earth, will be glad to learn more about the Carmelite saint who so shortly after her death became a world favorite. **CARMEL** gives the history of the Discalced Carmelites, details somewhat their manner of life, and enumerates sainted members. The volume is especially interesting for two reasons: it shows what one woman accomplished in an age when women are supposed to have been naught but men's dolls; it silences the doubters who contended that the contemplative life is not suited to American women. All things human lose much of their zest with the lapse of time. It has been illustrated in the monastic institutions of the Catholic Church. Though monasticism is built on the divine foundation of the counsels of perfection, itself is not divine. The rules, statutes, customs, distinctive occupations are humanly devised. What imparts to the organization security and stability is the approval of the Holy See, and not the greater or less claimed special guidance of the Holy Spirit in devising the rule. Much of what is most attractive in monasticism has been humanly contrived; hence, when less generous souls in sufficient numbers swell the membership, zestfulness will quite likely slacken more and more. It has been the story of monastic organizations generally. It happened to the Carmelites. St. Teresa of Jesus, a Spanish woman of the sixteenth century, reformed both branches of the Carmelite establishment. Before her death she had the happiness of seeing the primitive rule observed in seventeen monasteries of friars and in fifteen convents of nuns. A rather remarkable accomplishment for a woman, and an unemancipated woman at that; **CARMEL** narrates enough about this wonderful woman to provoke the wish to read her own story of the foundation of these thirty-two establishments, within a period of twenty years, starting when she was forty-seven years old! The mode of life is so

austere that the Superior-General and the King judged it advisable to restrict foundations to Spain, "which produced bodies of a strong and robust complexion not found elsewhere." But God would have it otherwise. Carmelites are found everywhere. Even China boasts of convents of Carmelite Nuns. In 1790, four Sisters came to the United States and established their first convent in Charles County, Maryland. At present, the convents number eighteen. Experience proves that America, too, produces bodies as strong and robust as Spain, to bear up under the austerities of Carmel, and souls to whom the contemplative life is as attractive as it was to St. Teresa and the four orphan girls, "poor in the goods of this world, and without dower, but gifted with great natural ability, and with the richer dower of grace," whom she chose to be with herself the foundation of the reform of Carmel for both men and women. It has been contended that a life of austerities and contemplation is not suited to American women. If so, how account for these eighteen convents? Other convents of Poor Clares? Of the Precious Blood? Of others? The grace of God is not limited by national boundaries. May the Lord increase among us the number of these blessed homes of prayer and self-immolation on the altar of charity. Such victims are necessary to save the multitudes who are forgetting God.

THE IRISH SPARROW. By Will W. Whalen. B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo. Price: \$2.00.

THE IRISH SPARROW is a most enjoyable narrative of two love affairs; one, a triangle which vanishes in mist; the other, a bride and groom lost to one another on their wedding day in a whirlwind of temper which kept them apart for twenty years. The scene is a mining town, the population of which is Catholic, chiefly Irish, with a sprinkling of Poles. It is the eternal story, yet ever new, of two hearts wishing to merge into one another. The obtrusion of a third heart makes mountains of trouble. Unfortunately, Ted Larkin, the hero, unconsciously happened to be the third heart. The charm of the story centers about him. Pre-strike agitation by Ted Larkin, to whom talking was to live, the burning of a breaker, the mine owner, and a professional Socialist, furnish the variety in the movement of the love stories. Bess Moore has a hard time of it between Florian Wydra, who holds her heart captive, and Ted Larkin, whom she has promised to marry. Disentangling the tangle is worth to be re-read. What adds much to the beauty of the plot is the sexual cleanliness of the men in love. The world takes, some say used to take, such cleanliness on the part of the girl for granted; but winks at the wild oats performances of boys. Ted's way of expressing it is charming: "Men haven't any right to be unclean; no more right than women have. I've always liked that poem about the fellow, 'Who scanning his unwedded life, . . . He was faithful to his future wife.'" Page 139. A character even more delightful than the hero is Delia Larkin-Brady, the bride who lost her husband on the wedding day. The dark and cruel pictures lurking behind the love episodes are the heartlessness of the mine owners and the cruel deceptions of wanton labor agitators.

The closing scene is a tragedy which belongs more to fairyland than to the matter-of-fact world of **THE IRISH SPARROW**.



The Mission Situation in China

As Reflected in Our Latest Letters and Dispatches

A CABLEGRAM from Shanghai, dated July 27, announced the death of Sister Clarissa Stattmiller, one of the little band of the Sisters of St. Joseph, who left Baden, Pa., for China on August 25, 1926. Two days later, a message received through the State Department at Washington, D. C., stated that Sister had died of malarial fever and was buried at Chung King. The date of her death was not given.

Sister Clarissa was born in St. Mary's parish, Syracuse, N. Y., November 16, 1896, of Engelbert Stattmiller and Helen Naftz. When she was about four years old, the family moved to Columbus, Ohio. Her schooling was received in St. Dominic's parochial school, taught by the Sisters of St. Joseph of the Pittsburgh Diocese. On finishing the grade school, she registered as a student at the Academy of St. Mary of the Springs, Columbus, taught by the Dominican Nuns, and still later pursued her studies at Sacred Heart School, taught by the Franciscan Sisters, of Stella Niagara.

Feeling herself called to the religious life, she instinctively turned to her first teachers, the Sisters of St. Joseph, and on March 19, 1917, entered St. Joseph's Novitiate, Baden, Pa. She was clothed in the habit of



SISTER M. CLARISSA (R. I. P.)

the Order January 1, 1918, and made her final profession January 3, 1923. The class-room knew her services for nearly eight years, and when volunteers were asked for the China Mission cheerfully and wholeheartedly did she offer herself for the work.

Sister Clarissa's mother died some six years ago. Sister Joan, a younger sister, came to St. Joseph's Community three years after Sister Clarissa had entered. The thought of an aged father, two brothers and two sisters might have caused a less brave heart to falter; but not hers. All was forgotten in the one holy desire of spending and being spent in helping to bring pagan souls to the knowledge of their Crucified Lord.

The letters coming from her were most cheery and encouraging, and never once did she allude to herself as not feeling well. Eleven months of travel, hardships and anxiety must have told on her health, and, just when more peaceful surroundings were looming, God saw fit to crown the sacrifices made for

THE † SIGN



FATHER CASPAR'S FIRST TRIP TO OUT-MISSION. OFF FOR WUSU WITH FATHER DUNSTAN. BACKGROUND: MISSION GATE UNDER THE SEMINARY BUILDING.

Him. It would seem as though she loathed to leave the scene of her chosen work, and God called her Home to an eternal rest with Him.

To the bereaved father, brothers and sisters goes forth our deepest sympathy.

Good News

By CLEMENT SEYBOLD, C. P.

Consular advices received from time to time at our headquarters in Union City, N. J., repeatedly convinced us that all the Passionists in China had been forced to leave their Missions. It is, therefore, happy news, indeed, to learn from a letter dated June 9, that two Passionist Missions continue in charge of the Passionist Missionaries.

In his letter, Father Clement Seybold, C. P. advises us that four of our Fathers have continued to care for the Missions of Yuanchow and Kieniang. They have been given ample protection

by friendly soldiers, who have promised them this guard as long as their army remains in the district. Of course, there is no way of knowing just how long this happy condition will continue, but from present information we have reason to hope for the best.

The four Fathers remaining at these two Missions are Fathers Timothy McDermott and Gregory, at Yuanchow; Fathers Ernest Cunningham and Clement Seybold, at Kieniang. The greatest difficulty for them now is financial. Owing to the unsettled state of affairs all over China it is becoming daily a more serious problem to transfer funds to the interior. To quote from Father Clement's letter:

"Lack of funds is our principal difficulty at present. All foreign banks in Hankow have been closed. Father Arthur Benson made a hurried trip down to Shanghai from Hankow in order to find out if it were possible to transfer some money to a Chinese bank in Hankow. Evidently he succeeded, because only a few days ago we received

a telegram from him stating that our drafts may be cashed in Hankow. This was good news, even though it does not help me out at this particular Mission. No one here on the streets of Kieniang would take my drafts. Formerly, I got most of my money through the postoffice, but this became impossible when trouble against the foreigners started. The postmaster tells me that he received orders from Changsha forbidding him to take checks or drafts from foreigners.

"A few days ago I heard that the Nationalists have evacuated both Changsha and Changteh. This would leave Hunan practically free of the Nationalists. Hence I have reason to hope that the order given by the postmaster in Changsha will soon be revoked. God certainly has been very kind to us. We here, at least at these two Missions of Yuanchow and Kieniang, have been more favored than all the rest of China. Why? I do not know, unless it is an answer to the many prayers and Masses that have been offered for us that Almighty God spare us at least one foothold in our territory.

"I temporarily closed this Mission on account of lack of funds and also in accordance with the orders of our Prefect. Then, when he graciously gave Father Timothy and myself permission to stay, I came back and opened up again. Now Fathers Gregory and Ernest have also received permission to remain. I have Father Ernest with me as a companion. Everything is quiet and peaceful at present, and the mission work is running along as usual. Thanks be to God and our Blessed Mother.

"What is going on in the rest of China I do not know. No newspapers and only a very few letters seem to be coming

THE † SIGN

through. We have had no letters from Hankow in almost two months. For all we know, China may be at war with the Foreign Powers. However, while conditions continue as they are now here in Kieniang we shall not worry.

"All mail is supposed to be censored, but that means an awful lot of work. In consequence, the mail is piling up in the Hankow postoffice. I have received no mail from home since last February, but I hope that my letters are reaching the States.

"Continue to pray for us that at least these Missions be spared.

(Signed) "FR. CLEMENT, C.P."

Shanghai

By WILLIAM WESTHOVEN, C. P.

Under date of June 9th, Father William Westhoven, C. P., writes the following letter about conditions in their temporary residence:

"How I wish it were in my power to give you the true story about China! Conditions change over night, and what one writes today may be all wrong on the morrow. On the whole, I think that the situation is improving, even though slowly . . . The entire scene of conflict seems to have shifted to the north of China . . .

"Already we are hearing of some Missionaries returning to their abandoned Missions. A few non-Catholics have gone back to Nanking. Yesterday a band of Jesuit Fathers returned to Wuhu, and one Augustinian Father has ventured to Yochow, the first town in Hunan as approached from Hankow . . .

"About a month ago three Recollect Fathers went back to their Mission in Honan. They

were there for about ten days and had to leave again. They are now back in Shanghai.

"The Missionaries spoken of as having returned to their Missions have done so on their own responsibility. For the most part their Missions are on the Yangsze River. Their situation makes possible evacuation at a moment's notice, should such action become necessary. For us, placed as we are far up in the interior, there seems no prospect of an immediate return. Then, too, we must await word concerning our Missions, whether they are occupied or unoccupied by Nationalist soldiers. Hunan has gone the limit. In that Province all property has been declared national . . . If Shenshow Mission has been burned to the ground, as has been reported, then a place must be rented that will serve as a 'home' for us, and also another for the Sisters. It may be necessary to delay the return of the Sisters

for quite some time. It seems most probable that all the Fathers who went into Kweiyang in Kweichow will remain there until conditions in Hunan become normal and then quietly return to their Missions.

"How much we have to be thankful for! God has, indeed, been most good to us throughout this hour of stress and trial. Now that we know all our Fathers are safe, a great relief of mind and heart has come to us! God be praised, and our dear friends and benefactors at home be thanked for their numberless prayers in our behalf!

"I am convinced that this temporary setback in mission work will turn out to be a great blessing. We must reënter upon our work with greater ardor, spare no efforts to establish a solid Christianity, working towards a native clergy even in our 'most pagan district.' It is a pity that, after centuries of Catholic missionary endeavor in



A WALK ON THE HILLS OF HUNAN. IT IS AROUND SUCH WAYSIDE TEMPLES THAT THE WEALTHIER CHINESE ARE BURIED.

THE † SIGN



ON THE MISSION PORCH IN SHENCHOW. THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN WHILE THE REDS WERE FORCING THE CHURCH BACK FROM THE GAIN OF YEARS.

China, a native clergy was not prepared for just such a crisis as was this one. May a second crisis, if it comes, find a sufficient number of Chinese priests to care for the Christians throughout the land.

"Only the Catholic Church can appeal to the Chinese, for it alone is Catholic. All others must be and are national, something foreign to the Chinese. How often have I explained this truth to the Chinese. They themselves realized this, and I can honestly say that our Christians in no way willed our leaving. They were powerless to prevent it. Knowing this for a certainty, we are all the more anxious to return to them. God grant that this may be soon!

"I ask a continued remembrance in the prayers of all our kind friends and thank all for their assistance. We surely need prayers at this time more than ever.

"WILLIAM WESTHOVEN, C. P."

Monsignor Dominic

After many days of hoping against hope, Monsignor Dominic Langenbacher, C. P., found it imperative to leave for a haven of safety. In the following letters he informs us of the conditions that made this final step necessary. The letters, with one exception, were all addressed to Father Raphael, and were received by him before he left his Mission at Paotsing.

April 25, 1927.

Absolutely no news from Fathers Cuthbert and Paul. No further word from Yuanchow. Latest letter received here from you was dated April 19. So with all the Augustinian Fathers gone and the Franciscan Fathers waiting word from their Consul and no word from them since the 19th inst., it seems to me that not only the assistants but all our men should leave the district as soon as possible.

I have done my best, as all

our men have, by prayer and counsel, and this now appears to me and to those with me as the only thing for us to do, if, indeed, we can get away safely. We may be able to stay here for a few days longer. As far as we can judge, your best way out seems to be through Kweichow.

(Signed) MSGR. DOMINIC, C. P.

April 26, 1927.

Yesterday I received a letter from Father Timothy, and he said that up to the present the soldiers from Kweichow are still in Yuanchow. He has no fears for his Mission as long as these soldiers remain. He and all the Fathers there will have to leave when the Kweichow troops depart. These soldiers are greatly enraged against the K. M. T., because the Revolutionists burned the house of their General and the General lost much by the fire. But you yourself know that the K. M. T. plan

THE † SIGN

to control all China. So, sooner or later I suppose Father Timothy will have to go.

In his letter, Father Timothy says that Kweichow and Yunan are peaceful, and if we depart, our best way would be in that direction. Father Flavian wrote me on April 9, from Hankow, informing me that he was still there. Father Arthur, however, had to go down to Shanghai in order to get funds. All the Fathers from the Prefecture of Puchi have had to flee for their lives into Hankow. Father Maurice is the only one remaining in Wuchang.

Everything is in readiness in Hankow so that both Europeans and Americans can leave at any time in case of necessity. Only fifty remain in the entire city. These are sleeping on steamers in the harbor. From this you can see how necessary it is that all of us depart until such time as we can return to our work in peace. It is hard to say just how long we shall have to wait

until that happy condition arrives. I have no news as to what the Fathers in Changsha are doing, and I am afraid to wait any longer for word from them to reach us. It may be that they sent a telegram and we did not receive it.

Where Father Cuthbert and Father Paul are I do not know. The messenger whom I sent to look for them returned unsuccessful. Wherefore, I think I shall wait here for them for a few days, if at all possible. When they arrive, as we hope they will, we shall set out together. However, we are already preparing for our journey today.

We sent Father Jeremias to Tauwan. When it becomes necessary for us to start on our journey we can make for that place from Chenki. Once there, we shall go elsewhere as necessity dictates.

The final difficulty in this plan is that it is extremely hard to leave Fathers Cuthbert and

Paul behind in case they do not reach here before we must start. The Sisters are making for a place on the border called Chen Yuen. Please pray much for me that God may guide me aright so that I may know what to do. Your counsel, with Father Agatho's, I appreciated very much for its helpfulness. If only I could hear or get in touch with Fathers Cuthbert and Paul our way would be easier.

(Signed) MSGR. DOMINIC, C. P.

April 27, 1927.

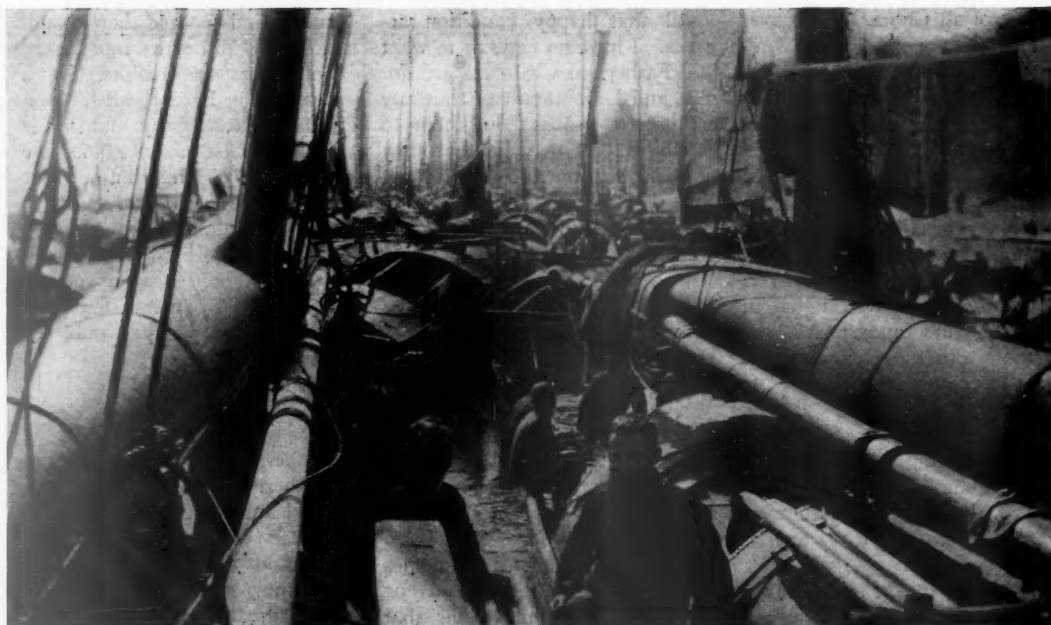
Fathers Cuthbert and Paul arrived here last night. Thanks be to God and our Blessed Mother.

I received letters from Yuanchow and Hankow, and (from what they say), it may be that war is already declared. At that time, which was the 10th of the month, they considered it very close at hand. Now we can wait no longer. All the Fathers, both pastors and assistants, should depart immediately. There seems



COOLIE LABORERS. THREE-MAN POWER FREQUENTLY DOES THE WORK OF A THREE-HORSE POWER MOTOR.

THE † SIGN



FATHER HIPPOLYTO, SUPERIOR OF THE AUGUSTINIAN FATHERS, AT THE RIGHT. FATHER PAUL TO THE LEFT. PICTURE GIVES A GOOD IDEA OF AN UP-RIVER CONVOY.

to be no other way than that towards Kweichow.

God and His Blessed Mother guide and protect us all to safety. All here will begin our journey at once.

(Signed) MSGR. DOMINIC, C. P.

April 28, 1927.

Perhaps the letter and telegram which I sent you yesterday failed to reach you. For this reason, and to be on the safe side, I again send you this command. You, that is, both pastors and assistants, must set out immediately for Kweichow or Kweiyang. Conditions in Hankow are most grave, and war is imminent. We cannot wait any longer. Fathers Cuthbert and Paul are now here, and only after a consultation with them did I give the command to depart as noted above. We think that you should begin your journey this very night.

(Signed) MSGR. DOMINIC, C. P.

In accordance with the instructions given the other Missionaries in his Prefecture, it would seem that Monsignor Dominic set out from Chenki after sending the foregoing letter. The next news is contained in a letter sent from Yang Tao, in the Province of Kweichow.

May 17, 1927.

With these few lines I wish to inform you that Fathers Cuthbert, Paul, Cyprian, Raphael and I have today reached this place, and that it will require four more days to walk to Kweiyang.

The Sisters, with Father Quentin and Brother Lambert, are two or three days' journey behind us, and Father Agatho, with the others from the North, arrived some days behind the Sisters.

Up to the present we have no news of those in Hankow, and I do not know how affairs stand between the Powers and China. When we reach Kweiyang we

may perhaps know from conditions there whether to remain there or travel further to Yunnan.

The last letter which I received from Father Timothy says that perhaps better things are in store for us. But it is impossible for us to know whether these rumors are of any value. Fathers Timothy and Clement are in Yuanchow and cannot leave. I have no news about the others. The difficulties of the journey are by no means few and small. But it seems to me that uncertainty of the times is our greatest handicap.

(Signed) MSGR. DOMINIC, C. P.

May 17, 1927.

Two days ago I arrived in Tungren, Province of Kweichow. With me are Fathers Cuthbert, Paul, Cyprian and Jeremiah. On account of our lack of funds and fear of the bandits we have been obliged to make our journey

THE † SIGN

on foot for the past week. But now, being footsore and weary, we propose to make the rest of our journey to the Capital of Kweichow in chairs, if at all possible. The journey from this place to Kweiyang will require two weeks. When we arrive there we may perhaps find that same unsettled conditions exist there and be obliged to push on further.

For the past week I have no word from any of our Missionaries. But Fathers Agatho, Raphael, Basil, Terence, Arthur, Constantine and Theophane will be obliged to pass through this same territory. When we reach the Capital it may be possible for us to receive word from all.

From day to day we know nothing of what the future has in store for us nor how matters are being adjusted between China and the Foreign Powers. On account of reports that reached us stating the likelihood of war I ordered all our Fathers to leave their Missions and seek places of

safety. I also received word from other Vicars Apostolic, whose districts are not so remote from places of safety as our own, and they all advised our Missionaries to go to Hankow. It was, however, impossible for us to go down to Hankow, for the road is very long and difficult to travel. How matters will eventuate, we cannot say.

We are all in the hands of God and His Mother. I have no news of the Sisters of St. Joseph, but it seems to me that they have gone to Kweiyang with Father Quentin and Brother Lambert. The young priests and the Sisters of Charity who were in Shenchow are already safe, either in Shanghai or in the Philippines. All our Missions, as all others, are deserted, the Missionaries dispersed, our houses occupied, our personal effects in the hands of the Nationalists, and God alone knows what will be the outcome. Let us hope and pray for the best.

(Signed) MSGR. DOMINIC, C. P.

KWEIYANG, KWEICHOW,
May 22, 1927.

I arrived at this Mission yesterday, together with Fathers Cuthbert, Paul, Raphael and Cyprian, and after a while the others from the North arrived.

So far we have not determined whether it will be necessary for us to travel even further to the Province of Yunnan. For the present, however, we are remaining here. If it should become necessary, I shall inform you. The road in that direction at this time is very dangerous.

I have no news from you as to your circumstances, and I am most anxious to hear from you. I wish to find out if I may write either Procuration drafts or checks which I have on an international bank. The Fathers and the Bishop of this Mission have treated us most kindly. It will be a great help to us if we receive word from you concerning the political situation as it stands from time to time. Also send us some news about our



ALL ABOARD! THE MISSIONARIES' BOAT WORKING ITS COMPLICATED WAY OUT TO MID-STREAM.

THE † SIGN



VISITORS FROM JAPAN ABROAD IN CHINA.

Fathers and the Sisters of Charity in Shanghai. At present, Kweichow is peaceful. Much will depend upon conditions as affecting you.

The Sisters of St. Joseph have reached Whang Pin, Kweichow. Father Timothy and Father Clement are remaining at Yuanchow under the protection of the Kweichow soldiers.

(Signed) MSGR. DOMINIC, C. P.

KWEIYANG, KWEICHOW,
May 26, 1927.

It is pretty hard away off in this part of the world to know where these few lines will reach you in these times of confusion. I am taking a chance on reaching you at Hankow. Not being sure that Fathers Celestine and Arthur are there, I want to ask you to please send me some assistance. We need Mass stipends, so please send some as soon as possible.

I had no idea when we came here that we might possibly be detained in Kweiyang. I thought that when we reached here we would find out that it was necessary for us to travel further on

to Yunnan. But since I find there is practically no danger of war, our principal and practically sole reason for leaving the Missions is gone, and until we get further news to change the plan we think it better to remain here. Of course, we may possibly start back for Hunan, or, in the meantime, be forced, together with the men of this Mission, to go further. We now have all of our men here, with the exception of Father Quentin and Brother Lambert. These two are with the Sisters of St. Joseph in Lao Whang Pin, about four days' journey from here. Fathers Timothy, Gregory, Clement and Ernest remain in Yuanchow under the protection of the Kweichow soldiers.

These are surely trying days for all of us, and all we can do is offer up the discomforts for God's blessing on the Missions and continue to pray earnestly that we may soon be allowed to return to our work in Hunan. Please keep us informed here about events down river and also about Changteh and Changsha.

Devotedly in Christ's Passion,
(Signed) MSGR. DOMINIC, C. P.

Father Flavian

HANKOW, June 15, 1927.

Dear Father Provincial:

Today I received word from Monsignor Dominic. This is the first news I have received from him since he set out for Kweichow. It was a miracle that they reached there, since, even in peace times, the road is considered most unsafe.

I am much troubled here by the Christians from Supu and from other places. They appeal to me for help. Many of these poor Christians have suffered because they were Christians. I should be glad to receive about \$500, and I assure you it would mean much to these poor people.

There has been no improvement in conditions, and it is the opinion of the older Fathers that it will become much worse than it is at present. God knows what is best. May His will be done.

(Signed) FR. FLAVIAN, C. P.

Father William

SHANGHAI, June 3, 1927.

I was very much disappointed today when six of my letters to the Rt. Rev. Prefect, Fathers Paul and Cuthbert were returned to me here in Shanghai. It is certain that they received no word from us whatever after we landed here. What a trial this must have been to them thinking, perhaps, that we had met with an accident enroute to Shanghai from Hankow. From the post mark, it is evident that these letters did not reach Shenchow until May 5, and the Fathers, so far as we know definitely, were driven from the Mission on April 21. This accounts for the letters remaining unclaimed in Shenchow.

We had a telegram from

THE † SIGN

Father Arthur today stating: "Four Fathers remain at Yuanchow." It must be that they have passed the crisis down there. Thanks be to God that our Fathers lived through it. Outside this telegram, we have no word for nearly a month.

The papers have carried several accounts of the Nationalist activities in Hunan, both in Changsha and Changteh having been suppressed. . . . An announcement was made here the other evening at a public gathering that the American Consulate would be reestablished at Changsha within the next three months. That is good news, although we are not certain that the Missionaries will be allowed to return to Hunan at that time. At least we consider it a step in that direction. Once the Consul returns to Hunan we will be able to get some information about the trend of events in that Province.

(Signed) FR. WILLIAM, C. P.

Father Arthur

HANKOW, June 13, 1927.

No doubt you are pretty well acquainted with the recent happenings in our Missions. To make a long story short, the first news we received and which concerned anything serious was given us by a Chinese priest. He came here from Changsha and told some of the Spanish Fathers that there was a report that our Shenchow Mission and some others had been destroyed. The Spanish Fathers then told us. I immediately notified the American Consul General here and had Eugene Chen, Minister of Foreign Affairs for the Nationalist Government, telegraph the Magistrates in our district to give all protection to our American Fathers there. Chen sent me a letter saying that the Fathers had left of their own

free will. I gave this letter to the Consul, and the latter again took up the matter with Chen.

The mother of my Chinese boy wrote that Fathers Paul and Cuthbert had fled from the Shenchow Mission. We knew then that there was trouble. I telegraphed Shenchow and all our Missions, but no answer came. Then the letters written to the Prefect and to Father Cuthbert were returned to Hankow. From some letters I learned that our men were making preparations to leave and that the Sisters of St. Joseph, with Father Quentin and Brother Lambert, had already left Yuanchow. I notified Father Celestine, at Shanghai, and he had telegrams sent to the Consul in Yunnanfu. Nothing could be sent from Hankow, since the wires were all down. Letter after letter from different Chinese brought the sad news from the interior that all our men had left the Missions. About two weeks ago we heard from Yuanchow. They told us that they (four of them) were still at Yuanchow, and that the Prefect and the others were in Kwei-

yang, Kweichow, and would probably keep going until they reached Indo-China, whence, no doubt, they would sail up the coast to Shanghai, via Hong Kong. We are keeping in touch with Yuanchow as much as possible. It would not surprise us if they, too, have to flee.

Reports are coming in here every day from the various Missions, and it is always the same old story: *Mission destroyed*. The most remarkable thing about the whole affair is that a foreigner is rarely killed. This is strange, since there is so much anti-Christian feeling. The objective seems to be to drive out the foreigner, not by sword, but still by force. Perhaps we are not worthy to receive the crown the older men won in past times when persecution raged.

The present situation defies all analysis. Whether the Missions are finished, whether there will be a war, whether China will rush into anarchy and go down in a deluge of blood, whether this country will become Bolshevik, only the good God knows. One man's guess is as good as another's.



THE MODERN WELL-TO-DO CHINESE CHILDREN ARE THUS CARRIED TO SCHOOL.

THE † SIGN

Gemma's League

SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF AUGUST

Masses Said	18
Masses Heard	33,117
Holy Communion	21,812
Visits to Blessed Sacrament	83,417
Spiritual Communion	135,741
Benediction Services	11,742
Sacrifices, Sufferings	79,567
Stations of the Cross	22,261
Visits to the Crucifix	77,686
Beads of the Five Wounds	311,975
Offerings of Precious Blood	531,459
Visits to Our Lady	38,837
Rosaries	36,324
Beads of the Seven Dolors	9,311
Ejaculatory Prayers	2,739,481
Hours of Study, Reading	32,505
Hours of Labor	63,363
Acts of Kindness, Charity	45,065
Acts of Zeal	76,125
Prayers, Devotions	451,622
Hours of Silence	54,591
Various Works	161,998
His Divine Office	5,225
Holy Hours	449

My opinion is that the chaos here will not clear up for a long time to come. I think our Hunan Missions will remain inactive for many months. The people's hearts have been filled with Communistic ideas . . . But, withal, there is no place like China.

I have seen a "revolution" in a Chinese city in which stores and homes were looted, a hundred or more killed, and a reign of terror for two or three days in which the priest had to keep the Mission gates well barred. Then a few days later, the stores would reopen and the Chinese carry on as though nothing had occurred. A stranger could walk through the city and find it as quiet as any town in the United States.

I made a quick trip to Shanghai and back during March. I took everything valuable we had here at the time because affairs looked as though anything might happen here. Father Celestine is well, and the younger priests there are hard at it studying Chinese. Shanghai puts one in mind of a great rat-trap. It is swarming with countless Chinese and has barbed-wire barricades at almost every turn.

Here in Hankow the Japanese and the French Concessions have barbed-wire barricades in the streets. No foreigner may enter

the Japanese district without a permit from their Consul. The Japanese have suffered considerably. Many of their homes were destroyed.

Father Flavian is here with me. The Prefect sent a letter telling me to keep Father William here with me, but he had already left here when the letter arrived. The Consul General here was in those days getting Americans out as fast as possible. He told me that there was accommodation for our people here, and if we refused it we could not be guaranteed a boat. I immediately sent our men on to Shanghai and kept only Father Flavian here. I felt that he would be equal to the task

if a crisis came. The two of us were practically assured room on a gunboat. The idea was then to keep only essential men here in order that the gunboats could evacuate them.

With our men all over China, in Shanghai, Hankow, Kweichow, etc., and with the Prefect and all the good Fathers trying to get out of the interior, not to speak of our Missions being probably destroyed, burned and positively looted of everything we owned—it brings to mind a picture of all our labors and sacrifices wiped out at a stroke, and our Chinese Missions that promised to prove a glorious success now almost a thing of the past. The thought almost breaks one's heart. What our men have suffered will never be known except by those who worked among them over here. I don't mean the heroic things, the big things, but the labor of the work from day to day. Perhaps the men over here, after all their hardships, could do little in the great United States if they did return. But then, God is good. Things may take a turn for the best yet, and we may go back and slowly bring the Missions back to where we left off—at least that is our prayer and our hope. Man proposes, God disposes. His will be done.

(Signed) FR. ARTHUR, C. P.

"Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7, 39.)

KINDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

SISTER CLARISSA
STATTMILLER
SISTER MARY
HELENA, O.S.D.
SAMUEL HASSELL
HELEN W. McMAHON
FRANCIS J. DUNNIGAN
R. McGUINNESS

ANTHONY BYRNE
MARY HOFFMAN
JULIA HANNON
JOSEPHINE MCINTYRE
JOSEPH MAGUIRE
ANTON BEULIGMAN
MARY A. BRADLEY
MARY McKAY
CATHERINE L. REDDIN
MARGARET KELLY
ANNA M. DUFFY
J. H. THOMPSON
FLORENCE HUSSEY
MARGARET COLEMAN
JOHN E. DALEY
J. W. ARNOLD
ALICE M. CLIFFORD

MRS. JOSEPH F.
GUIGNON
MARGARET MURNANE
ESTHER A. LYNCH
WINIFRED CARROLL
MARY McGLINCHEY
HENRY BRAMLAGE
JOHN LUKEMAN
JOHN J. COAFREY
ROSE KABBES
PATRICK J. McMAHON
NELLIE ROURKE
NORA LUKEMAN
DENNIS B. MCCARTHY
KUNIGUNDA SCHLAUCH
ANNIE SMITH
MARY MONAHAN

EMMA V. CARR
RICHARD E. EGGLETON
NELLIE COSTELLO
MARGARET O'HARE
R. T. QUIGLEY
WILLIAM H. NORTH
HELEN SUPERCZYNSKI
MRS. M. BYRNES
JOHN J. O'BRIEN
ED. GOODISON

MAY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

Amen.

"By Such Sacrifices God's Favor Is Obtained." (Hm. 13/15.)

We print here a list of Benefactors who have contributed to the relief of the famine-stricken in China. May God Himself reward abundantly their generous charity!

(Donations received up to August 15.)

- CIRCLES:** KY., Rose Missionary Club \$5; MD., Gemma Circle \$40; Blessed Vincent Strambi \$21; N. J., College of St. Elizabeth Mission Unit \$100; Holy Souls \$24.90; N. Y., Good Shepherd \$5; St. Egbert's Society \$25; St. Gabriel's Mission Unit \$10; OHIO, Teresian Mission \$2.50; PENN., Fr. Patrick's Mission \$93.
- ALA.:** Birmingham, N. B. \$1.
- CALIF.:** Long Beach, M. M. \$5; Los Angeles, P. M. I. \$3; P. M. I. \$3; M. L. G. \$2; San Diego, A. J. McL. \$3.
- CONN.:** Bridgeport, H. G. \$1; A. E. J. \$3; C. B. \$10; Norwalk, L. C. \$2.25; Stratford, J. J. G. \$1.
- D. C.:** Washington, S. M. C. \$10.
- ILL.:** Chicago, D. K. \$5; F. J. \$10; T. McC. \$1; G. J. O. \$50; J. B. C. \$50; M. M. \$2; C. S. \$1; M. I. \$5; M. M. \$1; M. K. \$2; J. F. \$2; C. M. H. \$5; F. P. T. N. T. \$1; J. B. C. \$50; M. W. \$3; M. S. \$1; Kankakee, C. W. \$1; LaSalle, R. L. C. \$3; Mt. Carmel, A. L. G. \$7; M. B. \$1; W. P. U. \$2; Rockford, J. T. \$3.
- IND.:** Anderson, M. M. \$2; Indianapolis, M. E. J. B. \$1; Terre Haute, E. A. S. \$2.
- IOWA:** North Buena Vista, J. J. \$2.
- KY.:** S. McK. \$3; Louisville, C. G. B. \$5; A. E. O. \$1; Pewee Valley, S. M. S. \$2.50; St. Matthews, T. S. \$3.
- MD.:** Baltimore, S. G. S. \$1; C. G. S. \$1.
- MASS.:** Allston, J. J. B. \$5; T. B. \$2; A. P. B. \$2; Arlington, C. McC. \$15; W. H. \$2; Beverly Farms, W. B. \$1; Boston, E. B. \$7; F. E. C. \$1; Anon. \$1; C. C. \$10; B. C. \$10; J. P. B. \$1; M. H. \$20; J. P. B. \$1; Brighton, L. K. \$5; Brockton, G. B. \$1.50; W. E. \$1; I. H. D. \$1; Brookline, L. O'H. \$1; M. L. C. \$1; M. McK. \$1; C. S. F. \$1; K. L. C. \$2; T. F. \$1; T. J. L. \$20; Cambridge, M. E. F. \$2; J. S. \$1; E. P. \$1; Charlestown, E. R. \$5; Chelmsford, D. B. L. \$1; Chelsea, Anon. \$1; Chestnut Hill, A. E. W. \$5; Dorchester, P. J. L. \$2; P. L. McD. \$1; E. D. D. \$2; W. A. T. \$3; H. C. T. \$5; J. L. S. \$1; D. J. H. \$3; E. B. \$3.60; M. A. C. \$1; E. G. \$1; E. C. \$4; M. D. \$1; F. R. D. \$2; Dorchester Center, M. E. F. \$2; E. B. B. \$1; East Boston, C. N. \$1; Everett, J. B. \$1; Fairhaven, J. F. K. \$2; Franklin, A. C. \$1; Jamaica Plain, E. G. L. \$5; M. C. \$1; Lowell, A. D. \$1; C. M. \$2; F. J. W. \$2; E. McL. \$1; M. McK. \$2; M. B. \$5; Lynn, S. W. \$1; J. J. MacM. \$4; C. J. L. \$5; M. P. \$1; J. J. M. \$3; Mattapan, T. D. \$1; Medford, A. L. \$2; R. J. Q. \$5; P. G. \$1; Medford Hillside, R. I. \$5; Newton Highlands, G. W. \$1; Pittsfield, C. W. C. \$2; W. F. F. \$5; A. V. S. \$1; Quincy, I. M. \$2; J. M. \$2; Roxbury, W. J. H. \$5; A. T. C. \$5; Somerville, W. J. C. \$2; M. H. \$1; A. T. \$5; South Boston, D. J. C. \$1; M. E. C. \$5; T. F. S. \$2; E. & R. S. \$2; Spencer, C. S. \$2; M. D. \$1; D. J. McA. \$1; Wareham, M. H. \$2.25; Watertown, H. C. \$2; H. C. \$3; Webster, A. G. D. \$2; Westboro, M. O'R. \$4.60; West Roxbury, Anon. \$1.
- MICH.:** Battle Creek, E. R. \$1; Bay City, C. W. \$3; Detroit, A. J. F. \$1.
- MINN.:** Vining, M. G. J. K. \$5.
- MISS.:** Canton, C. P. DeM. \$1.
- MO.:** Hermann, W. A. M. \$1.25; Jefferson Barracks, F. W. D. \$4; St. Joseph, R. D. M. \$6; T. H. \$2; St. Louis, J. B. H. \$25; E. V. \$3; E. McD. \$1; Anon. \$2; J. F. \$2; M. P. \$8; R. G. \$2; B. C. \$1; J. F. \$2.
- N. H.:** Manchester, M. M. G. \$1.
- N. J.:** Atlantic City, J. H. M. \$5; Atlantic Highlands, E. G. \$1; Bloomfield, C. J. A. \$2; Camden, M. R. M. \$1; Cliffside, J. J. C. \$5; Denville, Anon. \$10; East Orange, H. M. \$1; D. L. C. \$5; Edgewater, M. E. D. \$1; S. K. \$2; M. E. D. \$1; Edgewater Park, K. F. \$3; Elizabeth, B. M. \$3; G. S. \$10; E. S. \$10; P. T. \$23.60; G. A. K. \$1; G. T. \$1; E. S. \$1; Fort Lee, J. F. C. \$1; Hackensack, M. H. \$1; Hoboken, C. O'H. \$3; J. J. C. \$7; M. R. \$5; E. G. \$5; J. G. \$1; T. H. \$1; F. L. \$1; Irvington, C. M. \$1; Jersey City, M. F. C. \$1; E. M. \$3; M. A. F. \$5; F. K. \$25; A. McN. \$1; A. C. \$1; A. McN. \$1; A. F. M. \$5; M. M. \$5; C. M. \$5; D. J. K. \$1; P. J. B. \$1; M. S. \$19.65; M. B. C. \$2; E. M. O. S. \$3; A. G. \$1; Kearny, L. M. \$7; Long Branch, J. R. M. \$1; Newark, J. D. K. \$2; J. D. K. \$5; G. M. \$1; F. S. \$10; R. B. \$1; M. B. L. \$2; E. J. B. \$150; A. D. \$5; New Brunswick, J. W. \$2; E. K. \$2; Newton, M. R. \$1; H. C. \$5; Orange, J. McG. \$3; Paterson, R. J. M. \$1; M. P. S. J. C. \$10; Plainfield, M. T. W. \$5; Ridgewood, S. M. E. \$5; Rutherford, M. H. \$1; South Orange, S. L. P. \$2; M. A. M. \$2; Tenafly, J. McL. \$3; Union City, F. H. \$1; T. S. \$3; L. M. \$5; E. G. McC. \$5; R. L. \$20; F. J. L. \$1.62; F. H. \$1; W. R. \$10; S. F. S. \$100; L. M. \$5; L. M. \$5; A. L. \$2; P. O'M. \$15; L. M. \$5; Weehawken, A. T. S. \$10; P. M. \$1; C. T. S. \$10; West New York, S. M. S. \$5; J. F. \$5; West Orange, M. P. \$1.
- N. Y.:** Albany, P. D. \$2; J. A. S. \$2; Astoria, C. M. D. \$20; R. F. B. \$1; Bolton Landing, C. M. \$2; Brooklyn, M. B. \$1; M. M. \$1; M. M. \$1; E. O'S. \$1; M. R. \$3; B. T. D. \$1; V. W. \$2; W. P. R. \$1; E. S. \$1; M. G. \$5; B. H. \$1; J. L. \$1; L. H. O'C. \$2; J. McC. \$5; M. A. \$1; A. M. I. \$1;

E. V. E. \$6; K. R. \$1; M. J. C. \$5; A. B. \$1; A. M. F. \$1; E. W. \$1; A. S. \$2; E. W. \$1; N. H. \$1; B. H. \$1; J. J. L. \$5; M. McK. \$1; G. B. \$2; M. E. \$1; M. McG. \$2; Anon. \$1; A. McG. \$1; L. S. L. \$3; G. R. \$1; B. P. \$5; Buffalo, C. R. \$2.50; J. S. \$2; E. B. \$2; S. F. R. \$8; Corona, Anon. \$10; M. D. \$2; Central Islip, G. A. S. \$1; Dunkirk, Anon. \$25; H. G. \$6; K. J. K. \$5; K. K. \$6; H. M. W. \$1; E. M. W. \$1; D. S. \$1; E. M. \$1; M. A. K. \$1; E. L. \$1; Elmhurst, C. E. D. \$1; C. E. D. \$1; Floral Park, M. C. \$3; Freeport, E. B. \$1; Glendale, P. F. D. \$1; Hollis, C. H. \$2; Howard Beach, F. VonD. \$5; Jackson Heights, A. M. \$20; A. M. \$20; Jamaica, V. H. W. \$1; Jamestown, M. N. \$1; Kingston, J. McN. \$1; Lake Placid, L. R. P. \$1; Little Neck, M. H. M. \$5; Long Island City, W. J. S. \$2; G. A. D. \$3; C. S. \$1; M. H. \$1; R. A. F. \$1; Mt. Vernon, A. A. McC. \$3; New Brighton, J. J. D. \$10; G. F. C. N. \$1; M. S. \$1; New York City, W. G. \$1; M. S. \$1; E. T. \$2; K. B. \$2; K. C. \$2; M. T. \$1; M. B. C. \$2; H. M. O'K. \$2; M. M. L. \$1; W. S. A. \$5; A. P. \$5; P. McC. \$3; W. S. A. \$5; F. J. G. \$3; M. S. \$1; M. S. \$5; M. D. \$5; P. S. \$5; J. C. \$2; P. T. C. \$2; W. S. A. \$5; W. S. A. \$10; D. C. \$2; S. M. G. \$5; M. McC. \$1; J. J. G. \$2; M. B. \$2; M. S. \$1; A. M. \$1; A. H. \$1; A. McA. \$1; F. A. \$7; W. C. \$1; C. O. \$2; M. K. \$2; T. K. \$1; W. C. \$1; K. McL. \$2; J. W. S. \$2; M. T. B. \$1; E. L. \$1; C. O'B. \$5; Niagara Falls, S. M. B. \$5; M. S. M. H. \$1; Pleasantville, S. B. \$1; Purchase, C. McD. \$10; Richmond Hill, M. J. S. \$2; C. H. \$1; H. B. \$2.50; T. B. \$10; M. D. \$1; A. J. \$1; Rochester, S. E. S. \$25; C. F. McC. \$5; Rockaway Beach, E. O'C. \$1; St. George, N. T. S. \$3; Saranac Lake, R. S. \$1; J. H. F. \$2; Sea Cliffe, A. L. R. \$25; Silver Bay, A. F. \$3; Tuxedo, A. E. M. \$3; White Plains, G. M. C. \$4; Woodside, M. S. \$75; C. R. \$2.

N. D.: Pekin, D. D. \$5.

OHIO: Cincinnati, F. K. \$1; C. P. \$2; Anon. \$2; S. E. R. \$5; F. G. \$5; A. K. \$10; M. S. \$11; Anon. \$5; J. L. \$2; Cleveland, J. C. G. \$1; Columbus, M. S. \$10; P. J. K. \$10; Dayton, Y. C. M. \$1; Hamilton, B. M. E. \$2.50; Norwood, H. K. \$3; A. B. \$1; Reading, P. L. \$2; Sandusky, W. F. M. \$3.

OKLA.: Tulsa, F. O. B. \$1.

PENN.: Allison Park, S. M. R. \$3; Atlas, G. P. \$1.60; Beaver Falls, L. J. \$5; Bethayres, A. J. \$1; Butler, C. S. \$5; Carbondale, C. D. \$1; B. M. \$1; Chester, S. M. E. \$18; Cresson, A. J. O'H. \$1; Hawley, M. R. \$5; Hazelton, A. L. M. \$5; Hollidaysburg, S. I. H. M. \$2; Jersey Shore, L. F. \$3; Latrobe, J. P. R. \$10; Loupurex, W. F. \$2; McKeesport, L. A. D. \$2; V. T. B. \$1; Millsboro, T. M. \$5; Monessen, E. A. M. \$5; Newberry, M. M. \$1; Norristown, L. M. B. \$5; Philadelphia, E. L. \$1; T. V. M. \$5; W. MacN. \$7; M. A. M. \$1; M. S. \$1; S. M. J. \$5; G. S. \$10; E. L. \$5; I. M. \$2; N. R. \$2; J. J. H. \$1; E. R. \$2; W. J. L. \$2; E. T. A. \$5; S. M. B. \$5; M. M. \$1; E. H. \$5; M. L. \$2; E. W. \$1; S. M. J. \$5; Pittsburg, A. W. W. \$5; F. H. \$5; P. C. \$5; G. D. \$5; A. B. \$1; C. McC. \$5; I. S. \$4.70; A. B. \$5; J. C. M. \$2; A. R. W. \$10; S. D. P. \$40; G. T. \$13; B. H. \$5; A. L. I. \$2; M. K. \$3; M. L. R. \$2; B. L. \$3; G. M. \$1; M. V. K. \$1; M. McV. \$1; S. L. C. \$3; M. G. D. \$10; M. F. \$1; M. J. \$1; G. M. \$6; Anon. \$2; C. N. \$1; E. M. H. \$1; D. T. \$4.60; J. O'C. \$2; Pittston, A. F. \$1; Scranton, M. A. L. \$1; C. O'H. \$3; S. M. \$3; A. A. McN. \$1; J. H. L. \$5; J. T. S. \$5; State College, F. R. S. \$1; Swissvale, W. E. S. \$5; Wilkes Barre, R. F. \$1.

S. D.: Miller, E. D. \$2.

TEXAS: Corpus Christi, T. B. S. \$2.

VT.: Rutland, A. B. \$2.

VA.: Lightfoot, L. C. H. \$2.

W. VA.: Parkersburg, S. M. M. U. \$15.

WIS.: Chetek, J. V. \$1.50; M. L. \$50; Janesville, G. N. \$1; Milwaukee, E. T. \$1; W. G. N. \$1; West DePere, J. VanD. \$2.

CANADA: Boughton Is., L. MacC. \$1; Nova Scotia, S. M. C. \$5; Ontario, S. M. I. \$1.52; Scott, S. M. P. \$2.50; Toronto, S. M. I. \$3.

FOREIGN: FRANCE: Paris, S. H. \$25.

RELIGIOUS STATUARY FOR THE HOME

	12-inch	16-inch		12-inch	16-inch
SAINT JUDE	\$2.00		Blessed Mother	\$1.75	\$2.75
Sacred Heart	1.75	\$2.75	Little Flower	1.75	2.75

Painted in natural colors. Washable. Highest quality and workmanship. Satisfaction guaranteed. Sent postpaid. Mail check or money order to:

J. F. McLARNEY & CO.

Catholic Supply House,
SOMERDALE, N. J.



Painless Giving



A GOOD THING to have in the house is a Mite Box or a Dime Bank. They are convenient receptacles for your loose change. What you put into them you will probably not miss. This is a sort of painless giving. If you do miss it, so much the better for the cause for which you make the sacrifice. Self-sacrifice money has a double value: it has a certain buying power and it surely carries a blessing. Which do you want—the Box or the Bank? You can have both, if you wish

===== ADDRESS: PASSIONIST MISSIONARIES, THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J. =====

Please write or print
Name and Address
very plain.

*Just drop us a line asking for a Box or a
Bank. It will be sent you by return mail!*

OUR representative has called at the Brunswick Laundry, 220 Tonnelle Avenue, Jersey City, N. J., and made a thorough inspection of the Largest Laundry in America. He was astonished to find cleanliness and sanitation brought to perfection; he has found over 850 Employees, cheerful, healthy and satisfied with their jobs, their pay and their employers. Patrons are always invited to visit this large plant and see for themselves the process of washing and ironing. The Brunswick Laundry's policy has always been fair play to all employees and customers. We gladly recommend this firm to our readers.

Protestant: Catholic: Passionist:

Fidelis of the Cross

James Kent Stone

By WALTER GEORGE SMITH, A. M., LL.D.
and HELEN GRACE SMITH

Of this inspiring biography, the Charleston Gazette says: "This book is a record that no religious person, be he Catholic, Jew or Protestant, should be deprived of reading." The story of James Kent Stone, who became a zealous Passionist after having been an Episcopalian minister is here presented as a compelling spiritual drama.

Illustrated. Post-paid \$5.20

THE SIGN

Union City

New Jersey

Passionist Chinese Mission Society

MEMBERS OF THIS SOCIETY ARE ENROLLED AS PERPETUAL BENEFACTORS OF THE PASSIONIST MISSIONARIES IN CHINA, AND PARTICIPATE IN THE FOLLOWING SPIRITUAL BENEFITS:

While Living: One Holy Mass every day of the year; a High Mass in every Passionist Monastery throughout the world on these Feasts:

Jan. 1, The Circumcision	Aug. 25, St. Bartholomew
Jan. —, Holy Name of Jesus	Sept. 8, Nativity of Mary
Feb. 2, Purification of Mary	Sept. 22, St. Matthew
Feb. 22, St. Matthias	Oct. 28, Sts. Simon and Jude
May 1, Sts. Philip and James	Nov. 30, St. Andrew
May 3, Finding of the Holy Cross	Dec. 21, St. Thomas
July 25, St. James	Dec. 26, St. Stephen
	Dec. 28, St. John, Evangelist

After Death: One Holy Mass on every day of the year; in every Passionist Monastery in the world, Holy Mass and the Divine Office for the Dead on the first day of every month, and High Mass of Requiem with Funeral Rites and Divine Office for the Dead within the Octave of All Souls Day.

Furthermore: Both the Living and the Dead Benefactors share in the Special Prayers recited every day by all Passionist Communities. In particular, they share in all the Masses, Prayers and Good Works of the Passionist Missionaries in China.

Perpetual Membership in the Passionist Chinese Mission Society is given in consideration of a LIFE SUBSCRIPTION to THE SIGN, the Official Organ of the Passionist Missions in China. Both the Living and the Dead may be enrolled as Perpetual Benefactors. The price of a Life Subscription is \$50.00. *It may be paid on the installment plan in amounts to suit your own convenience.*

LONG AFTER you are forgotten even by your own, membership in the Passionist Chinese Mission Society will entitle you to the spiritual helps you may need. * * * * As for your deceased friends and relatives, what better gift than enrollment in this Society?

PLEASE WRITE TO:

The Passionist Missionaries

Care of THE SIGN

Union City

New Jersey

